The Labor Party Surrender

JULY 23, 1935

new Masses

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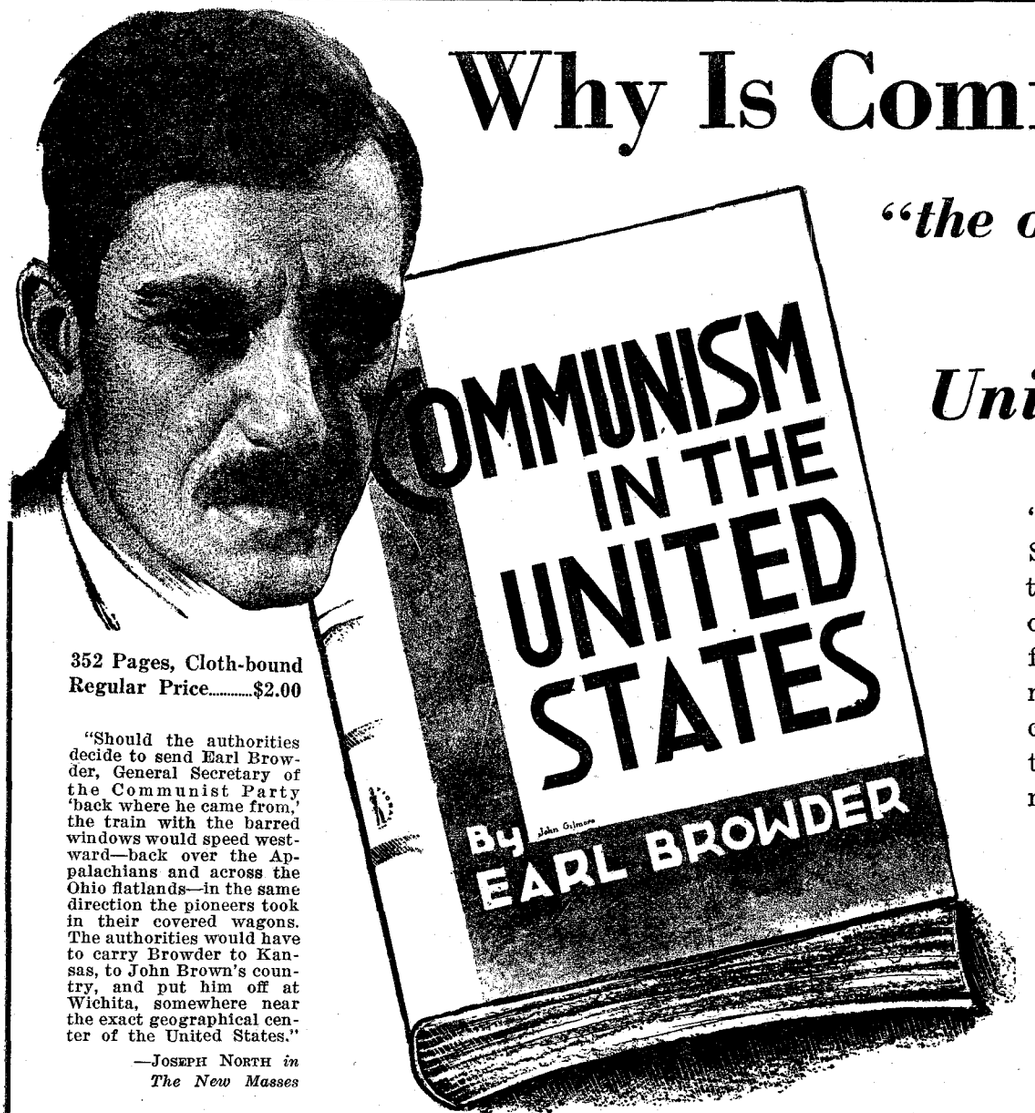

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—JOSEPH NORTH *in The New Masses*

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New Masses

JULY 23, 1935

Is The Nation Pro-Labor

THE workings of the liberal mind and of a liberal publication were clearly exhibited this month by The Nation and its editors. They again demonstrated that workers simply cannot hope for real support in their struggles from those sitting on the fence. The fence-sitters may injure the workers' cause by simply doing nothing; in the case of The Nation, a positive action was taken which is definitely anti-labor and belies that paper's pretensions to support labor. For some time, The Nation in its pages seemed to support the strike of the office workers of The American Mercury. Then, in a full-page advertisement in its July 3 issue, it offered a cut-rate combination subscription to The Nation and The American Mercury—whose workers were and are still on strike! It undertook to promote the circulation of The American Mercury at a time when sympathizers of the strikers everywhere were decreasing that circulation by their refusal to buy or read the magazine.

REVEALING in the extreme was the attitude of the editors after the advertisement had provoked notices of cancellation of subscriptions to The Nation and many protests from readers. A representative of the League of Women Shoppers, organized to support strikes after making their own investigation, learned some astonishing things about the liberal attitude during a visit to The Nation offices. Walter F. Grueninger, advertising manager, said the advertisement was printed under a contract which could not be evaded. He added The Nation staff was really regretful that the advertisement had appeared, "after we discovered how important the strike was"! Yet he declared the contract was signed *after* the strike started, adding he tried unsuccessfully to cancel it later. Mrs. Dorothy Van Doren, one of the associate editors, was asked why, if contractual obligations made it impossible to cancel the advertisement —obligations entered into after the strike began—at least an editorial explanation of the reasons for carrying such an advertisement had not appeared in the same issue. Her answer was that the staff did not like to expose itself to accusations of mismanagement! Charles Angoff, one of the board of editors, stated he alone objected to the appearance of the advertisement and that, learning it would run, he had urged that an editorial explanation accompany it. THE NEW MASSES, not being a liberal magazine, supports strikes in a different fashion, as our readers saw from our editorial comment in last week's issue.

GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS — *William Sanderson*

A Liberal Reports

"THE spectacle of Germay today is a tremendous experience . . . it has taken Russia's place as the country of tremendous significance in the contemporary world. . . . The people are confident, enthusiastic, courageous . . . the masses of the German people are increasingly with Hitler." These sentiments are culled, not from Nazi propaganda organs, but from a statement issued by the Reverend John Haynes Holmes, pastor of Community Church, who has just returned from a month's stay in Germany. The liberal churchman deprecated opposition to Hitler as confined to church groups and branded it weak and hopeless. Terror in the Third Reich has become obsolete, he reported. Of course, he said, there are "wretched and hostile minority groups." He was moved by the "black tragedy of German Jewry" and could not understand how in "the face of such horror there can be American Jews who counsel patience, forbearance and calm." This nice balance of praise and blame is remarkable for its display of an utter inability to see beneath the

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surface of German life. Surely the wave of executions and the conditions in concentration camps do not indicate any abatement of terror. The minister had hardly set foot on American soil before news came of the imprisonment of a Storm Troop leader and the disbanding of a corps of Steel Helmets for opposition to Hitler. The Nazis ran amuck last Monday in Berlin, in a carefully prepared attack on Jews which turned Berlin's gayest streets into a setting for a nightmare. Although the Reverend Mr. Holmes had nothing to say about it the real experiences of the mass of Germans center around wages, food prices and living conditions. Fortunately, some figures are available.

THE Basle National Zeitung has just conducted an inquiry into the unrest of German workers. Strikes have occurred recently in the glass works in Bavaria, in Stuttgart, in important automobile centers in Chemnitz, in Silesia, Westphalia and Saxony. In fascist theory all strikes are political in view of the tenet that "the general good precedes the welfare of the individual." Workers striking against mounting prices are in reality opposition to the state. Of the eleven million workers who belong to the Labor Front, seven million earn 100 marks or more a month; four million must subsist on not more than 40 marks a month. Real wages, the Basle paper estimates, have fallen 40 percent. Compare this with conditions in the I. G. Farbenindustrie, the dye trust. In December, 1933, that corporation employed 113,000 workers; in December, 1934, running full blast to provide war supplies, the concern had 135,000 employes on its payroll, an increase of 20 percent. Yet its payment of wages to workers increased only 2.2. percent. More, its net profit rose to fifty-three million marks in 1934 and had the wage standards of 1933 been maintained its profits would have been 30 million marks less. Profits more than doubled while wages went down 15 percent—this is what the liberal minister calls a "tremendous experience." In face of such facts only a liberal can believe the German masses will be "increasingly with Hitler."

Trade with the U.S.S.R.

THE recently concluded Soviet-American trade agreement is a substantial victory for the U. S. S. R. Under its terms the Soviet Union agrees to purchase $30,000,000 worth of goods in this country and is to be given the benefit of tariff concessions granted other countries. The significance of the agreement lies in the fact that it was concluded despite the lack of accord on the old Kerensky and Czarist debts. Only last fall Secretary of State Hull imperiously broke off all negotiations because of these debts. Soviet leaders have been patiently explaining for the past seventeen years that the debts were not binding on the new workers' republic and that much of the money involved was expended on armed intervention against Soviet Russia. They did offer to negotiate if counter-claims for damages arising out of intervention were included. The desire for foreign trade has forced the United States to take this step. There is little doubt that as American capitalists continue their quests for markets they will become more and more reasonable in their relations with the Soviet Union.

"Hands off Ethiopia"

EMPEROR Haile Salassie of Ethiopia has refused to grant Italy a railway zone through Ethiopia to be administered or policed by Mussolini. He declared that "history teaches that the creation of such zones inevitably is followed by annexation." The emperor's consistent refusal to back down before the outrageous fascist demands makes it certain that war will come at the end of the rainy season in Africa. Mussolini is caught in a trap; he cannot retreat and he must risk all on a successful campaign. Last week's newspapers brought word that "Mussolini is intensely interested in American public opinion." Anti-imperialists and anti-fascists are preparing to hold demonstrations all over the country on August 3 to rally public opinion against the dictator. Under the slogan of "Hands off Ethiopia," the American League Against War and Fascism will rally Negroes and Italian workers in parades to demand Ethiopian independence.

A United Front Victory

A YEAR ago when the first American Youth Congress was taken away from its sponsor, Viola Ilma, many took it that the fascist lady had simply been outmaneuvered by the "radicals." Few believed that the new leaders of the Congress would be able to build it into a mass youth movement. But the second American Youth Congress that met in Detroit July 4 to 7 attracted more than 1,200 delegates representing organizations with a membership of more than 1,330,000 youths. Delegates came from 500 widely-scattered cities and represented 846 organizations, including 157 unions, five central labor bodies, 202 cultural associations, 48 churches, numerous anti-war groups and various student organizations. They were Farmer-Laborites, Young Socialists, Wisconsin Progressives, Young Communists, Democrats and Republicans. There was a creditable representation of Negroes and youthful members of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People were present.

"WE look at this country of ours," reads the newly-adopted Declaration of Rights for Youth, "we love it dearly; we are its flesh and marrow. We have roamed its roads. We have camped in its mountains and its forests; we have tilled its rich earth; we have tended its fields and dug up its earthly treasures. We have toiled in it. Because we know it so well, we know that it could be a haven of peace, security and abundance for all. Because we love it so dearly, we demand that it be turned over to the working people of America." Taking up the task of staging an active fight against war and fascism the Congress set April 12 as a day for a general student strike against war and May 30 was appointed as a day for a general youth demonstration against war and fascism. The American Federation of Labor is to be given full cooperation in organizing youth and will be asked to carry out the Detroit program. Mussolini's war in Ethiopia was protested. A boycott on Hearst newspapers and newsreels was launched. The work of knitting the movement together into an organization of active struggle was entrusted to a permanent committee of fifty.

THE decisions of the Congress were arrived at only after a full and frank and sometimes acrimonious discussion which revealed a healthy difference on details and an equally healthy decision to be bound by majority decisions. Representatives of the Socialist, Republican, Democratic, Farmer-Labor and Communist parties outlined their programs. Delegates got a taste of the difficulties that will face them in their fight against Detroit reactionaries led by the Hearst newspapers. The Cass Technical high school was denied them as a meeting place. Representatives of Viola

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Ilma's American Youth Congress, Inc., threatened an injunction. William Green tried to prevent labor bodies from sending delegates. A counter-demonstration was organized by Hearst for July 4. It attracted seventy-five spectators to view the array of thirty-two selected politicians who sat on the platform. Detroit hotels and restaurants which attempted to discriminate against Negro delegates were boycotted and picketed by young Americans who gave notice that they have turned against attempts to divide them on the basis of color. The significance of the Congress lies in the fact that it was a signal victory for the United Front. Young Communists and Young Socialists proved that they have broken with a sectarian past and are ready to aid in the formation of a movement that will encompass millions. Such an alliance not only bodes ill for the war mongers; it indicates what can be accomplished by American workers on a much greater scale.

The Downs Ordinance

THE National Committee for the Defense of Political Prisoners has formed a committee to look into persecution of workers in Alabama. The committee is especially interested in convictions obtained under the Downs Law, a Birmingham city ordinance which provides a maximum fine of $100 and six months in jail for possession of more than one copy of any radical periodical. All convictions thus far have carried the maximum fine and imprisonment. The law is but one phase of the terror that is raging in Alabama and other southern states as a part of a drive to "run the Reds out of the South." Coal and iron operators and other industrial kings have enlisted the police, the McDuff Detective Agency, and hired thugs to enforce their rule. Willie Foster, Negro leader of the International Labor Defense, was recently murdered by Birmingham Klan-Vigilantes and at least twenty-five other workers have been "taken for a ride" and beaten up. The investigating committee will consist of Jack Conroy, Nelson Algren, Bruce Crawford and Alfred H. Hirsch. The National Committee led similar groups into Harlan, Kentucky, during the coal strikes there in 1931 and 1932 and into Tuscaloosa, Alabama, to investigate a lynching there in 1933.

Longshoreman Ryan

IT'S not always fair weather even when good fellows gather in convention. President Ryan of the International Longshoremen's Association got himself elected for another four years. But throughout the sessions he appeared agitated. His stooges surrounded him; in fact, only five delegates from the West opposed his election. Ryan responded to their campaign against his election and his policies by storming against the "Reds"; his toadies applauded. But no one understood more thoroughly than Ryan that his machine delegates were held in office against the wishes of the rank and file and that his domination was weakened by the example set by the West Coast. Bridges continually raised issues embarrassing to a rubber-stamp convention. To meet this offensive, Ryan launched a personal attack against Bridges, backed up by a forged document purporting to be "minutes" of a Communist meeting which Bridges did not attend and which proved not to have taken place. The Ryan clique won a victory at the convention—on the surface. But the record contains Bridges' stirring fight for the rank and file. In this issue an article contrasts the ideals that motivated Mr. Ryan and Harry Bridges. Despite his present strangle hold on a great international union, Mr. Ryan has still to face the indignation of longshoremen in every port of the nation.

Pickets at Lebanon

MR. A. KRASNE of Krasdale Products doesn't like pickets before his stores. It doesn't help business; besides the picketing might give his own employes ideas about organizing. Mr. Krasne, after failing to break the lines with thugs who tore placards away from the pickets and threatened them, took the easiest way out and resigned from the Board of Directors of the Lebanon Hospital. The Board's action of two month's ago accounted for the picketing: twenty-six workers had been locked out for a two-hour strike on May 14, a strike demanding recognition of the Association of Federation Workers. Twenty-seven pickets face charges of disorderly conduct—the police phrase for peaceful picketing. Perhaps the eagerness to intimidate locked-out pickets is augmented by news that strikers at Beth Moses Hospital are reaching an agreement; the Board must break the Lebanon strike or be forced to reinstate the twenty-six.

Fighting Professionals

IN LORAIN, OHIO, a U. S. Steel dominated town, professional workers are adopting the same militant tactics that longshoremen, steel or textile workers use in a strike. Seven editorial employes of The Lorain Journal,

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comprising the local American Newspaper Guild unit, were locked out some time ago by Samuel A. Horvitz, the publisher. The workers picketed the newspaper offices and support for them was such that the circulation and advertising of the paper are now considerably decreased. The challenge to the militant spirit of the workers came when Horvitz obtained a sweeping injunction to restrain the locked-out men from picketing or enlisting aid by persuading people not to read the paper or advertise in it. And that challenge was magnificently answered the other night. At a meeting of 800 to protest the lock-out, Heywood Broun, president of the American Newspaper Guild read the injunction, characterized it as silly, stated they are always issued against labor and never against employers and deliberately tore the document to pieces while the audience cheered and applauded. With Broun and the locked-out workers at the head, a parade was organized and proceeded through the town to picket The Lorain Journal in defiance of the vicious injunction. Scores filled out cards pledging themselves not to read The Journal while the lock-out of the newspapermen was in effect. Jess Brown, president of the Central Trades and Labor Council, assured the seven fighting newspapermen of the complete support of organized labor. Victory is in sight for workers who refuse to let themselves be intimidated by injunctions abrogating their basic civil rights.

Hearst's Hired Men

READERS of the Hearst press won't be entertained with any more fairy tales about starvation in the Soviet Union from the pen of Thomas Walker for the next half dozen years. Mr. Walker—his real name is Robert Green—is about to depart for Colorado where he will complete an unexpired term of six years in the state penitentiary. Forgery has always been one of his chief accomplishments and he was serving eight years for that offense when he took French leave and skipped to Europe where his talents won him a position on the Hearst staff. Prior to the Colorado sentence he had served a term in Leavenworth for violating the Mann White Slave Act and he was once arrested in Los Angeles for forgery.

After his escape from prison, Walker conceived the idea of making trips to the U.S.S.R. and concocting tales for sale to Soviet Russia's enemies. Hearst met him in England last winter where he was trying to peddle old 1921 famine pictures to English newspapers. Fearful of a scandal, English journals refused to treat with him. Happily enough, Hearst was returning from Germany where he had just made a deal to support Hitler. A bargain was struck and the Sage of San Simeon returned with a trunk full of pictures and a few notes from Walker. Inspired re-write men did the rest. Hearst newspapers blazed with tales of famine and cannibalism in the Soviet Union.

Walker's downfall came because he had deserted a vengeful wife. She put the police on his trail and English authorities forced him to quit the country. When he arrived at Ellis Island secret service men held him for using a false name in securing a passport. Monday he was sent to the federal detention home to await action by the Colorado authorities.

Walker opened up a hitherto unexplored field for enemies of the Soviet Union who were anxious to swap lies for cash. The first imitator was Harry Lang, editorial writer for the "Socialist" Daily Forward. Lang first printed his horror stories in The Forward and then sold them to Hearst. He was proud of the company he was keeping. "I feel that Walker has carried out the traditions of free American journalism," he obliged for Mr. Hearst. Irate Socialist Party members who were not so proud of the Hearst-Walker-Lang journalism forced his suspension from the party over the bitter protests of Old Guard leaders.

The latest recruit to the tradition is Fred Beal, one of the Gastonia defendants. Beal emulated Lang in first publishing his tales in The Daily Forward and then selling them to Hearst. No piker, Beal discovered ten million deaths per year by starvation in the Soviet Union where Lang had kept to the modest figure of six million.

Beal's case is that of a weak and vain man who likes to play at being a little Napoleon. He rose to leadership in the New Bedford and Gastonia strikes because of a dearth of trained labor leaders. Over the protest of the Communist Party, he and six other defendants jumped their bail after conviction at Gastonia and fled to the Soviet Union. He would have it that he was virtually a prisoner, but he returned to the United States in 1931 and subsequently went back to the Soviet Union. That same year he wrote a pamphlet praising conditions there. Beal wanted to posture rather than to work and some time later he returned to the United States to stay. A series of letters written to friends show that he did not at once conceive the idea of attacking the Soviet Union. He first claimed that he was in disagreement with the Communist Party but that he was a friend of the Soviet Union. "I *know* that if there was no Soviet Union I wouldn't stand by the Communists," he wrote on March 27, 1934. Just one year later, on March 27, 1935, he had changed his tune and was writing: "In a way I am a coward because I have not told you the truth about what was going on in the Soviet Union while I was there . . . I feared to prick the bubble."

During that year he had been writing a book about the Soviet Union and was complaining to friends that "unfortunately in order to live while doing this writing . . . I have had to work with another party, or two of them in fact, not exactly to my liking. They are not Communists or fascists either. . . . I am now $400 in debt to them." A month prior to writing that letter he had written that he was "living with a fellow that is fascist in thought . . . he holds me in the hollow of his hand." The fellow, he said, was polishing up his writing. The polish shows up in the Hearst newspapers.

William Randolph Hearst won't stop printing anti-Soviet articles because the character of such writers as Walker is exposed. He has built his fortune on similar lies and swindles. But the fact that he has been forced to pay large sums for advertisements in opposition journals to whine about the boycott against his newspapers suggests that he may yet repent of his bargain with Hitler.

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How the Franco-Soviet Pact Works

THE Pact of Mutual Assistance recently concluded between the Soviet Union and France has become the object of bitter attacks. Enemies of the Workers' Republic have seized on it to further their own ends and are seeking to use it as a weapon to confuse and alienate friends of the Soviet Union. The most commonly preferred indictment of the pact is that it marks a betrayal of the French Communists and commits them to a defense of French imperialism. The Soviet Union, it is charged, is sacrificing everything to expediency.

Opposition to the pact springs from a fundamental misunderstanding — conscious or unconscious—of the peace policy of the Soviet Union. Any student knows that that policy is not pacifist in outlook. Nor is it separable from the revolutionary policies of Communist parties everywhere. From the very first the Soviet Union has been forced to stave off attacks by hostile nations in order to get breathing space to carry forward the work of socialist construction. Communists early realized that an armed capitalist attack on the socialist Soviet Union sooner or later was inevitable. The task of the workers' government is to prepare for that attack and preparation for defense is bound up with the vast work of the First and Second Five Year Plans.

One of the things that has played into the hands of the Soviet Union and given it needed time has been the conflicts between hostile powers. A careful utilization of these conflicts has been necessary. For the moment there is a conflict between France and Germany, springing out of Hitler's war aims. Hitler's designs against the Soviet Union are well known.

Opponents of the Pact profess to see in this policy an extenuation of the old Social-Democratic principle of compromise with bourgeois political parties. That criticism leaves out of account the fact that there is a wide difference between defending the one country where the workers have triumphed and a policy of compromise in countries where Communist or Socialist parties are struggling for power. In the first instance the effort is to preserve gains already made; in the second it serves to choke off revolutionary struggle.

The policy that led to the signing of the Franco-Soviet Pact is not of recent origin. Lenin employed the same tactics when he insisted on the necessity of signing the Treaty of Brest-Litovsk, which was opposed by Trotsky. Lenin knew that the treaty was unfair and unjust; he also knew that the Russia of that time was not prepared to continue the struggle against Germany. The Treaty of Brest-Litovsk was signed. A howl went up. Lenin answered the attacks in his "Letter to American Workers" in which he said:

> The beasts of prey of Anglo-French and American imperialism accuse us of coming to an "agreement" with German imperialism. . . . They pretend not to understand the difference between an agreement made by "Socialists" with the bourgeoisie (native or foreign) against the workers . . . and an agreement for the safety of the workers who have defeated the bourgeoisie, with a bourgeoisie of one national color against the bourgeoisie of another color for the sake of the utilization by the proletariat of the contradictions between different groups of the bourgeoisie.

Lenin then went on to recall the fact that in order to "throw back the rapacious advancing Germans we made use of the equally rapacious counter-interests of other imperialists, thereby serving the interests of the Russian and International Socialist revolution." He drew an apt parallel with American history when he pointed out:

> The American people used these tactics long ago to the advantage of its revolution. When America waged its war of liberation against the English oppressors, it was confronted with the French and Spanish oppressors who owned a portion of what is now the United States. . . . In its difficult war for freedom, the American people, too, made "agreements" with one group of oppressors against the other.

The practical question that at once asserts itself is, what would be the attitude of the French Communist Party in a war, with Germany on one side and the Soviet Union and France on the other. Would the French Communists at once raise the slogan of turning the war into a civil war against their own bourgeoisie? The answer is dependent upon the circumstances of the time. So long as the French imperialists were impelled by necessity to fight against Hitler they would be temporary allies to be utilized to the greatest extent. Nobody can foretell the exact moment when it will be for the best interests of French workers to put forward the slogan of civil war; that depends on the course of events. Meanwhile, as explained in L'Humanite, French Communist daily, this does not mean that French Communists have abandoned their position on national defense. The struggle against war credits and munition makers goes on,

L'Humanite points out that the conclusion of the Pact and vistas it opens up

> make the more essential the fight of French Communism and of the united front against French imperialism, militarism and fascism; since so long as the armed forces remain under bourgeois officers and a bourgeois government, we have no confidence that the fight will be waged on behalf of the Soviet Union against Hitler; on the contrary, it can at any moment be turned to alliance with Hitler and in the last resort will be so turned to alliance with fascism against the workers and against the Soviet Union unless our organization within the army is superior . . . we need to fight all the more for the overthrow of the bourgeoisie . . . and for a Workers' France and a French Workers' army.

The struggle against war and fascism has not lagged in France since the signing of the pact; Communists have taken the initiative in building it up to huge proportions. The united parties have found allies in hundreds of thousands of French workers and peasants and even a large section of the Radical-Socialist party, petty bourgeois political organization, has enlisted. All reports agree that the Bastile Day anti-fascist demonstrations were the most impressive ever held. Two hundred thousand Paris marchers sang the "Internationale" and carried red flags; the slogan of "Soviets Everywhere" was raised. The scene was duplicated in hundreds of other municipalities. Fascist threats of interference with the demonstrations melted before their might and the police kept discreetly in the background.

It is becoming increasingly plain that the Pact is serving a twofold purpose: it has served to checkmate Hitler and it is rallying the masses to the defense of the Soviet Union as never before. Those two things constitute a decided victory for world socialism.

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TWO MORE NOTCHES

Jacob Burck

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The British Labor Party Surrenders

JOHN STRACHEY

LONDON.

IN POLITICS, honesty I am afraid is by no means always the best policy. But when a group of leaders surrender the most vital interests of their followers it does sometimes happen that they damage their own political careers also. And this seems to have happened in the case of the British Labor leaders' present surrender to the principles, general policy and now the detailed plans of the National Government.

The change for the worse in the position and prospects of the British Labor Party which has occurred during the last six months is striking. Up till about February of this year the immediate electoral prospects of the Labor Party seemed excellent. Almost every by-election resulted in a National Government defeat and the return of the Labor candidate. It seemed clear that when the general election took place the Labor Party would either receive an absolute majority or would, at any rate, become the majority party in the House of Commons and be called on to form the government. The Tadpoles and Tapers were already sharing out the major posts between the various leaders. There was considerable rubbing of hands as the succulent prospects of office reappeared over the horizon.

Today, when the Labor leaders survey their prospects, they perceive a sad change. It is evident, both from recent by-elections and from every other political indication, that the Labor Party's chances of winning enough seats at the forthcoming general election to enable it to form the government have receded almost to the vanishing point. The Labor vote seems to be running considerably below the level of 1929. The National Government has suddenly and rapidly reconquered a large part of its lost ground. The leaders of the Labor Party are resigning themselves to another five years of opposition.

How are we to account for this sudden and sharp revolution of fortunes? I do not think that the question is in doubt. The National Government led by Mr. Baldwin has utterly out-maneuvered the leaders of the Labor Party. Mr. Baldwin has been able to turn to his advantage a situation which might quite as easily have led to exactly opposite political consequences. The British political situation is now, it is clear, almost wholly dominated by foreign affairs in general and by the imminence of a war in Europe in particular. It might have been supposed that this sudden revelation of the fact that capitalism is indeed leading us to a new shambles, as every socialist has always said it would, *must* greatly improve the position of the Labor Party and damage that of the capitalist parties. But in order for it to have this effect, it would have been necessary for the leaders of the Labor Party to lead an open and, in essence, a revolutionary opposition to the war preparation and nationalist propaganda of the government; and they have been thoroughly unwilling to do this.

Their unwillingness has proved Mr. Baldwin's opportunity. It has enabled him to rally public opinion to the National Government. He has skillfully used the fact of German rearmament, which has been made possible by the financing of the Nazi government by the British capitalists in general and in particular by the Bank of England, as a justification for a gigantic program of British rearmament. He has invented the hitherto unknown celebration of a "Silver Jubilee" as a great piece of imperialist propaganda. In a word, he has "put over," almost unchallenged by the opposition, the most gigantic imperialist maneuver of modern times.

It is interesting to reflect on the considerations which must have been present in Mr. Baldwin's mind in preparing this move, by which he has, at a stroke, restored the position of the government and, it seems, insured himself another five years of office. He must have calculated that the Labor Party and trade-union movement would have either to oppose the rearmament program and the Jubilee stunt, in which case they could be branded as traitors to their country, or they would have to refrain from any serious opposition to the maneuver, in which case they would simply fade out of the picture. In either case, Mr. Baldwin would gain an advantage, but we may be assured that he fervently hoped that the Labor leaders, intimidated by his nationalist propaganda, would fail to challenge his program. For whatever might have been the temporary liability, opposition to the imperialist plans of the government by the organized working-class movement would have been an intensely serious matter for the British capitalist class. It would indeed have gone far to cripple those war plans. Thus, we may believe that Mr. Baldwin would hardly have undertaken this whole maneuver had he not felt confident that the Labor leaders would fail to put up any serious opposition to it.

And Mr. Baldwin knew his men. The men who have real power in the Labor Party and trade-union movement today, notably Mr. Herbert Morrison and Sir Walter Citrine, pride themselves on nothing so much as being practical men. They never tire of telling us how shrewd and sensible they are. They pride themselves on their tactical ability, their power to out-maneuver their opponents by a clever gaging of public opinion. They are forever contrasting their own shrewdness with what is, they say, the lamentable political stupidity, the visionary "impossibleness" of the Communist Party and the revolutionary movement generally. It must have been clear to Mr. Baldwin from the beginning that such men would not dare to oppose the blast of nationalist propaganda which was loosed this spring. For to do so would have, no doubt, involved standing up to an unprecedented campaign of calumny, on the party of the whole capitalist press, a campaign which for the moment might quite well have carried sections of public opinion with it. Mr. Morrison and Sir Walter did not dream of facing such a prospect. They felt sure that the shrewd, clever, practical thing to do was to bow before the storm and offer no serious opposition to the government's schemes; and thus they fell headlong into Mr. Baldwin's trap.

For the event has proved that these little men of the Labor movement were but children in the hands of the really experienced politicians of the British capitalist class. The Labor leaders were out-maneuvered in a couple of months. They had utterly failed to realize that if they made no opposition in principle to the government's imperialist drive, the public would inevitably prefer the real imperialists to the rather shoddy substitute imperialists of the Labor benches. If it was necessary to arm, and even the Labor Party did not, it turned out, contest the point, public opinion naturally came to the conclusion that it was necessary to arm adequately. The Labor Party was left with literally nothing to offer excepting a program of inadequate armaments.

The above interpretation of the disastrous change in the Labor Party's fortunes which has taken place in recent months seems to me to be true as far as it goes. But so far we have looked at the matter on the superficial level of political maneuvering only. Moreover, to do so is, in a sense, unfair to the Labor leaders. In one sense, Mr. Morrison and Sir Walter had no alternative. The truth of the matter is that in the present world situation of capitalism, the struggle of class forces has now become so sharp that no inch of standing room is left between swallowing whole the imperialist policy—however disastrous the political consequences of that act may be—and taking up a basically revolutionary policy of opposition. All serious opposition to the government has, in other words, become a revolutionary act today (and by this fact, we may judge how far along the road to war we have already travelled). But if this is the real alternative, such men as Mr. Morrison and Sir Walter had in fact no choice. For them the very idea of revolutionary opposition was of course inconceivable.

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Social Democrats invariably support their respective capitalist governments to the very end, even if such support involves their own political extinction. (The example of Braun, Severing and the Prussian Social-Democrat Ministers proves this fact to us.) Moreover, the British capitalists, wiser and less hard-pressed than their German colleagues, can still offer the Labor leaders many compensations for the decline in the political fortunes of their party. Sir Walter Citrine receives his supremely well-deserved knighthood and Mr. Morrison is offered a place in the National Government.

It is not the purpose of this article to comment upon the frightful consequences, both for the peace of the world and for the prospect for the workers' struggle against capitalism, of the present policy of the British Labor Party. It is undeniable and undenied even by the continental Social Democrats, that the failure of the British Labor Party to offer any opposition whatever to the policy of the National Government is the greatest asset which the Nazi government possesses today. If the basic and avowed fascist scheme of the joint German-Polish-Japanese attack upon the Soviet Union materializes, it will have been made possible by the surrender of the British Labor Party more than by any other single factor. The fear of Germany expressed by Mr. Baldwin and the other British imperialist leaders is by no means feigned. They are desperately afraid of a renascent German imperialism. But it is this very fear which, if they are given complete freedom of maneuver by the absence of any opposition, will induce them to try to "shunt" German aggression from west to east. The British capitalists are still hesitating between this scheme and the safer, though to them less attractive policy, of joining the Soviet-French-Czech block against all Nazi aggression. Had the British government been forced by a serious opposition from the Labor Party and official trade-union movement, they would already have been forced into association with the Soviet-French-Czech system, just as the French government itself was forced into it by the splendid united front opposition of the French working class.

It is worth observing what has happened to the left wing of the Labor Party in this situation. It would be hardly an exaggeration to say that the Socialist League, Sir Stafford Cripps and the other left wingers of the Labor Party, who cut such a dash upon the English political stage even six months ago, have now faded out altogether. They have become the silent and no doubt depressed supporters of the Morrison-Citrine capitulation. And this was inevitable, for as we have seen, there was no possibility of finding even the remnant of a middle position between this capitulation and direct revolutionary anti-war struggle carried on, on a united front basis, by the revolutionary elements. And our bold "left wingers" reject such united front struggles just as decisively as do Mr. Morrison and Sir Walter. Having no glimmer of an understanding of the world situation, they see in the comparative weakness and inadequacy of the revolutionary forces in Great Britain not a terrible danger for the working class which must be remedied at all costs. They see in the inadequacy of the revolutionary forces, which is all too true, only a good reason for supporting at every critical turn and however complainingly, the basic policy of the official Labor leaders.

It is interesting to speculate on what the future of the British Labor Party will be. It seems possible that the situation in Britain has now reached the stage in which it is impossible for the Social Democrats to take office. It may be that the future role of the Labor Party will be permanently that of His Majesty's loyal opposition. For when the external and internal difficulties of a capitalist system have become sufficiently grave, the capitalist class simply dare not hand over office, even temporarily, to the social-democrat leaders. It is not that the capitalist statesmen have the slightest doubt of the perfect loyalty and devotion to capitalism of the Labor leaders. It is rather that these leaders are not, with the best will in the world, sufficiently intelligent to cope with the difficulties which beset the system; thus they cannot be trusted with the helm when the wind has risen. But if it may well be that the Labor Party will never again form the administration, yet this does not of course mean that individual Labor leaders will not become cabinet ministers. An appropriate number of seats will no doubt be reserved for them in future war cabinets. They have no reason to despair of touching once again the seals of office.

Pages

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Ryan vs. Bridges

The Longshoremen's Battle, East and West

BRUCE MINTON

YOU can't join the Joseph P. Ryan Association unless you come from New York City. You haven't a chance unless you are from West of Eighth Avenue, between Fourteenth and Twenty-third Streets. If you doubt this, go over to the Association's headquarters on Eighteenth Street—420 West—and find out.

And if you are a longshoreman or a teamster, you can't be a functionary, even a delegate to union conventions, you can't really be on the "inside" without membership in the Association. Joseph P. Ryan is very particular about that. Joseph P. Ryan, whose name graces the Association, who holds office as President of the International Longshoremen's Association and President of the Central Trades and Labor Council, is a very powerful man. He's worthwhile cultivating if you desire political favors or a soft job or if you have an ambition to get a finger into many nice, lucrative pies. Of course, you can't hope to get so big a share as Ryan—but then, Ryan is a big shot.

He stands almost six feet tall, 200 pounds of beef, with no neck to speak of, but with broad shoulders and a heavy, compact body. He is a nifty dresser, given to colored shirts and ties that blend. When he is doing paper work, he wears horn-rimmed glasses. Recently, the folds of flesh under his jaw have thickened. His speech still betrays his origin—poor boy who made good—a little slipshod in grammar, but one realizes that he is a man of the people, a worker, a defender of all that is profitable in the American trade-union movement.

Ryan did work once. Twenty years ago, on the New York docks where he acted as a checker. He had the reputation of being able to land soft jobs; in fact, men who can remember those good old days say that Joe Ryan had a genius for avoiding real labor and still drawing his pay check. Undoubtedly, even then, Joe Ryan was dreaming of bigger fields. It's not easy to horn in—unless you know how to ingratiate yourself with the right people in Tammany Hall, unless you can step into the corrupt machine politics and bring results. Joe Ryan did that. To this day he boasts, "I'm a machine man and I head a machine. Of course, it's all on the up and up. Like my good friends, Jimmy Walker and John F. Hylan, I'm proud of my affiliations."

There isn't space to tell of all Joseph P. Ryan's accomplishments, how he rose from the ranks. Suffice it to say that when General Johnson came to town looking for an able advisor for the Work Relief Administration, he chose Joe Ryan. So Ryan now helps to look after New York's poor. He likes the job. Ask some of the fellows who are not Ryan's special friends and who want to get work relief: they'll tell you about Ryan standing down in the Homestead Saloon on Ninth Avenue handing out applications with his recommendation on them to bartenders and loyal friends, beaming happily because he is able to do favors with public funds. Of course, that might only be a story—a story told by man after man after man—but it is in keeping with Ryan's generous character.

He runs the International Longshoremen's Association the same way. The workers are his friends. He doesn't call strikes and force them to picket and fight for higher wages and better working conditions and hiring halls. Not Ryan. He keeps the men on the job and he and his friends benefit by it. His lieutenants don't work for nothing. When anything comes up that looks like a good thing, they get in on it.

Go round to the docks. On almost every one of them you'll find an ex-pug, or an ex-jailbird for whom Ryan has obtained a parole. These men, if they don't exactly love Ryan, at least have a sense of loyalty. If they didn't—well, Ryan doesn't like guys who don't know when and how to be appreciative. These men watch the other longshoremen for Ryan: if a Red comes round to make trouble, they tip Ryan off. Then all the very good friends who surround Ryan and act as his bodyguard—some people call them "gorillas"—go down to the dock and show the Red where to get off. One needs only a good pair of fists and a bit of lead pipe and in rare cases a revolver to accomplish this. The police too are Ryan's friends and they know he is keeping order for them on the 'front. Didn't Ryan come out and fight for the police when they were accused of taking bribes? Didn't he say that the New York police are honest ex-trade unionists?

RYAN has a phobia about Reds. One can't blame him. The Reds—all those workers who want higher wages and better conditions, the elimination of graft and favoritism on the docks and, worst of all, the end of Ryan's domination—the Reds are continually making trouble for Ryan. During the West Coast Maritime Strike last year they actually advocated that longshoremen in East Coast ports refuse to unload scab cargo. Ryan's men dealt with them: one fellow was distributing leaflets and he wasn't able to do a thing for several days after the "gorillas" finished with him. William Clay can tell you about the time they pointed a gun at him and told him to stop selling The Daily Worker. Just last week another presumptuous fellow busy announcing a speech by that other longshoreman, Harry Bridges from the West Coast, was taken in hand and beaten good and proper. That's the way Ryan deals with Reds.

Joe Ryan is a trained diplomat when it comes to labor troubles. Last spring he flew to the Pacific Coast where every port had struck. We mustn't forget that Ryan dislikes strikes—they anger the bosses and cause Ryan to be frowned upon, even blamed. Of course, he doesn't publicly admit that he's heart and soul opposed to strikes—but that's the way he acts. Last year when he arrived on the Coast he found the picket lines solid. He rolled up his sleeves and set to work. He gave pleasant statements to the press in which he claimed to be behind the "boys" on the waterfront. He rushed to a conference with his old friend Ed McGrady. He talked things over with his new friend Mayor Rossi of San Francisco. He contacted the Industrial Association and the Chamber of Commerce and Mike Casey of the Teamsters' Union, whose men had bolted his leadership after thirty years and supported the maritime strikers. They all gathered in conference behind closed doors. The spirit of harmony pervaded them: the shipowners gave up a point here and a less important point there. Ryan, overwhelmed, gave up a great deal here and a great deal there—evidently forgetting that he had not the slightest vestige of authority to do so. The result was an agreement. The strikers said it was an open sell-out, almost as bad as the one Ryan had tried to slip over on them the day of his arrival. For the second time in a week, the longshoremen rejected their International president's recommendation.

Rebuffs can't dampen Ryan's ardor. He rushed to the Northwest where he had hopes of producing a rift. But the "gorillas" were in New York and the longshoremen proved a tough bunch. True diplomat that he is, Ryan crawled out of a difficult situation: "I have a different slant on it [the strike] now . . . I don't blame the strikers if they reject the peace offer."

In despair, he returned to San Francisco. More conferences with the shipowners, then a final one with Thomas Plant, head of the Waterfront Employers' Association, at Plant's home one evening. The following day, the Strike Committee read in the newspapers that the strike was over. Ryan had settled—on a basis that yielded the men absolutely nothing.

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The workers didn't appreciate what Ryan had done for them; they repudiated the agreement in every port. Joseph P. Ryan had suffered his first major defeat at the hands of his own rank and file. Good sport that he is, he cursed the strike, cursed the leadership, raised the Red Scare and left for New York for the more pleasant surroundings of his loyal friends, all members of the Joseph P. Ryan Association.

RYAN left behind him another longshoreman named Harry Bridges, spokesman for the Joint Marine Strike Committee. Bridges was not the man that Ryan was. He had no "gorillas"; in fact, after twelve years, he still worked as a longshoreman on the San Francisco docks. The men liked Harry Bridges, liked him and respected him for his integrity and honesty, his sound thinking and his reputation for fighting not only for himself but for the interests of all the workers. When the strike came along they looked to Harry Bridges for leadership.

He is not as tall as Ryan, in fact he's slight, with a narrow head and pompadour hair. He had come from Melbourne, Australia, where he was born in 1900, the son of a real-estate salesman. When Harry was still a youngster, he witnessed the Australian general strike of 1917. He learned a few things then that were to stand him in good stead. As a boy, he clerked in a stationery store. But the sea fascinated him; he wanted adventure. So he shipped on traders plying between Australia and the South Sea Island ports; then across the Pacific—in 1920. He worked on vessels out of San Francisco, participated in the 1921 strike in New Orleans where he had charge of a picket squad. He made a record down there—became known as a fighter. In 1922 he settled down on the San Francisco waterfront as a longshoreman.

Bridges was a union man. He believed in unions, believed that they were designed to cement the workers into a fighting organization that would force employers to grant better wages, better conditions. He had also read the preamble to the constitution of the American Federation of Labor. Young Harry Bridges agreed with it, agreed that

> a struggle is going on in all nations of the civilized world, a struggle between the capitalist and the laborer, which grows in intensity from year to year, and will work disastrous results to the toiling millions if they are not combined for mutual protection and benefit.

And further, he agreed with the conclusion:

> It therefore behooves the representatives of the Trade and Labor Unions of America . . . to adopt such measures . . . as will permanently unite them to secure the recognition of rights to which they are justly entitled.

In consequence, back in 1924, when an attempt was made to organize the I. L. A. in San Francisco, Bridges helped to push things along. But the union lasted only a few months; a dance to raise funds terminated in the organizer and the funds disappearing. Bridges and the other men found themselves slightly wiser but without an organization.

Finally, after another abortive attempt in 1926, a San Francisco local of the I. L. A. was formed in 1933. Conditions were intolerable on the Coast. The men talked strike. Bridges favored a strike. After postponement and bickering—in which the employers refused to make any concession—the West Coast walked out on May 9, 1934.

From that time on, Bridges' authority mounted. The men looked to him. Throughout the bitter struggle, it was Bridges who was the acknowledged leader, it was Bridges, in the name of the West Coast longshoremen and later in the name of the maritime unions, who defied Ryan and the mayor, the employers and the governor, to break the strike. Bridges kept the men together, rallied them to meet the invasion of troops—peacefully, but with the iron determination not to be intimidated even by machine-guns and bullets and gas, by police brutality and press distortions. It was Bridges who appealed to all other San Francisco unions to support the struggle by proclaiming a general strike in protest against the use of troops. It was his prestige, the respect felt by every worker for him, that helped to win the support of the other unions.

The general strike lasted for four days. At the end the sympathetic unions yielded to the terrific pressure, to the intimidation and the tricky methods of their officials. Bridges held the maritime workers on strike. For one week following the general strike, they refused to go back to their jobs. Bridges understood that nothing could be gained by further struggle at that time; he pointed out that it is good policy to fight when there is something to win, but also wise to know when to quit. They had fought hard; they had squeezed every possible benefit from the strike—for the rank and file. Now they must call a halt.

Bridges' leadership did not end with the strike. Much remained to be done. Bridges' philosophy is quite opposite to that of the successful Mr. Ryan. "We shouldn't worry if unions have anything to give us," he says. "We don't worry about that on the West Coast. We believe that all workers should stick together, regardless of their jobs, regardless of their economic strength or position. The powerful unions must help the less powerful, building them, so that they too can become strong. Then all will benefit."

It was Bridges who carried out this principle by fighting for the Maritime Federation of the West Coast. His insistence that the men refuse to be content with their victory, that they resist every encroachment by the employers, has helped to build the militant power of the West Coast maritime workers. Constantly he stressed the necessity of cooperation between unions, the obligation of one union aiding any other that may be on strike, never to put the immediate advantage of a local, a craft, a few individuals above the action that will benefit the working class as a whole.

In a year, he has become the best-known man on the Pacific Coast. He has been elected president of the San Francisco local, president of the San Francisco Council of the Maritime Federation. His salary—he insists that this be true for all union officials—is not more than the wage that it is possible for any longshoreman to earn on the docks. Joseph Ryan might think this contrary to the best interests of those who aspire to officialdom. Joe Ryan and Harry Bridges don't see things eye to eye.

In a year, Harry Bridges has become the best-loved, the most respected man among the workers up and down the West Coast. In eight years, Joe Ryan has become one of the most hated. Not the most hated, perhaps—there is a good deal of competition in the labor movement—but Ryan is right up at the top. Talk to any longshoreman, talk to any teamster. Ask them what they think of Joe Ryan. But first be sure to explain to them that you are not out to boost Ryan or they may give too realistic an answer.

EIGHT years of Joe Ryan on the East Coast. The men on the docks earn $10 a week, sometimes as much as $16. There they have no benefits. They are intimidated by gangsters. The Ryan machine keeps him in office. Bridges has had slightly over a year of leadership. In place of the prevailing wage of $12 to $16 a week, the average has risen to from $35 to $40 a week. Instead of 60 hours work a week for some and no work for others, all longshoremen work at least 30 hours a week, 120 hours a month. The six-hour day, the five-day week is in force. Sling loads have dropped from two to four tons to a maximum lift of 1,800 pounds. The minimum gang is sixteen men: the employers dare not hire less. The longshoreman receives free sick and death benefits ($10 a week in case of sickness). He is given free medical attention, free legal advice. And in place of the former graft and bribery and favoritism, each receives equal treatment. No more lining up before the docks in rain or cold, no more waiting sometimes for days for a few hours work. Men are hired in rotation through a union hall. Scabs don't exist in San Francisco on the waterfront. There is no unemployment among the San Francisco longshoremen. Yet when Bridges proposed to the International Convention that the same conditions be applied in all locals, Joseph P. Ryan answered that such a solution was "impractical."

Last week, Bridges and Ryan met for the first time since the strike. Ryan presided over the International Convention in New York; Bridges sat far back in the hall. It would be nice to say that Bridges carried the delegates with him. But he has no influence among the thugs and bought ex-convicts who "represent" (by Ryan's selection) the Atlantic seaboard. Nor has he influence among the delegates from the Gulf ports or the Great Lakes—all a part of Ryan's well-oiled machine. So many of these delegates looked

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incapable of lifting anything heavier than an empty hat-box—and yet they represented longshoremen. So many of them had polished, manicured fingernails that are hardly the result of labor on the docks. But they elected —in the name of their locals—Joseph P. Ryan president for another four years. Only the West Coast opposed Ryan—five delegates headed by Bridges cast their 8,700 votes against the machine. As the chairman of the convention put it, "We'll let 'em vote against Mr. Ryan. We'll see what type of man it is who will vote that way." Only a certain type—the rank and file delegates and one lone voice from Baltimore. A different type from Ryan's men; a different type from President Green who attended the convention looking like a prosperous Rotarian worried only by the problem of whether he should take bicarbonate of soda now or later to settle his sour stomach; different too from McGrady who gave the delegates a straight-from-the-shoulder talk aimed at "disrupters" like Bridges. The whole chorus of yes-men attacked the Red. He's dangerous. He represented the rank and file, he wanted the union to conduct struggles for the workers, for the thousands of members of the A. F. of L. in this country whose economic interests are in direct conflict with those of their employers. Bridges is a partisan. He is on the side of the great "toiling millions" that the A. F. of L. constitution promises to protect. He is opposed in every possible way to Joseph P. Ryan, International president, politician, toady, often called gangster, who uses his position at the head of a powerful union to exploit his membership, to cooperate with their oppressors, to thwart any move designed to benefit the rank and file.

At the convention, Bridges ran into the machine. He expected what he got—continual attacks; he expected the tabling of his resolutions for a referendum vote on the election of union officials, and for a national agreement and hiring halls in all locals, for the six-hour day and the five-day week. The convention agreed with the latter "in principle" but saw to it that nothing was done to procure their benefits. So it was with all the proposals, with the anti-fascist measure, the strike to free Tom Mooney, the elimination of speed-up.

The Ryan machine functioned equally smoothly in a reverse direction when it became known that Bridges and the Pacific Coast delegations had been instructed to seek a reduction of union officials' salaries. Fine colored shirts with tailor-made ties to harmonize show to good advantage only when surrounded by the proper accessories; but all these things come high. So Ryan's pay was raised by Ryan's machine from $8,000 to $15,000 a year. (Even with the benefits won through last year's strike, Pacific Coast longshoremen get $2,000 a year or less for a full year's work on the docks.) The salary of the first vice-president was boosted from $3,900 to $5,200; that of the secretary-treasurer from $5,000 to $6,000—with only Bridges and the Western delegation opposing.

Joseph P. Ryan is still in the saddle on the East Coast. Harry Bridges is the leader on the West Coast. Harry Bridges represents the future, the leader who serves the interest of the majority and whose final victory will bring the end of the estimable Mr. Ryan, his henchmen, his supporters and the hundreds of other Joe Ryans who now dominate the American labor movement. Perhaps that is why the Joe Ryans hate the sight of Harry Bridges; perhaps that is why they will spare no effort to oust him, to frame him, to get rid of him some way, any way. But Harry Bridges is not an isolated figure; behind him is the working class which alone is able to produce such men as Harry Bridges.

Ten Years of the I. L. D.

SASHA SMALL

JOE HILL, rebel, poet and organizer for the Industrial Workers of the World organized the miners and the railroad men and the itinerant agricultural workers. Joe Hill wrote fighting songs for them. Joe Hill was a menace to the bosses. When every other means of silencing him failed, they framed him for the murder of a grocer, J. S. Morrison, in Salt Lake City, Utah. Morrison was killed by two masked robbers on January 10, 1914. The enemies of Joe Hill had found their way out at last and Joe Hill was framed, tried, sentenced and executed on a trumped-up murder charge.

Joe Hill went on trial for his life in June, 1914, with practically no defense. The bourgeois press did not even report the trial. Neither did the liberal or socialist press—except that the International Socialist Review carried a few lines, buried in the back pages, asking for funds.

The trial was a brutal farce. There was absolutely no evidence against Joe Hill. The jury was packed and the verdict was guilty. On the morning of November 19, 1915, Joe Hill was led into the prison yard and shot down by a firing squad.

His last words were, "Gentlemen, I die with a clear conscience. I never did anything wrong in my life. I die fighting—not like a coward! Goodbye. Fire! Let 'er go."

Because there was no defense organization, no machinery ready to leap to the protection of a worker framed because he was a fighter, no apparatus to rouse the whole country and the whole world to his support, Joe Hill was murdered.

Looking back over the history of the American labor movement—filled with glorious struggles, with traditions of the greatest militancy and determination—we find many stories like that of Joe Hill.

Since the earliest beginnings of the American labor movement, hundreds of "unknown soldiers" of the class war, victims of ruling-class justice, have been railroaded to long prison terms for their loyalty to the working class. Hundreds have been murdered. Thousands of brave fighters in the battle for the right to live have faced the courts of the enemy practically defenseless. Those imprisoned left behind them wives and children facing hunger and destitution until the ruling class had taken its full measure of ruthless revenge against its victims.

History demanded a nation-wide defense organization, permanent, with a clear-cut policy and program, with affiliation all over the world, to aid these victims, and history dictated the date on which the International Labor Defense was born in 1925.

But the I.L.D. was not the first defense organization established by American labor. The need for working-class defense had long been felt. Workers had made many attempts to shield their ranks against the savagery of the courts meting out ruling-class justice. But these attempts were scattered and isolated and in too many cases ineffective. Created in the heat of battle, these defense committees for the most part died as soon as their immediate work was done.

In building their unions American workers had realized the principle "United we stand, divided we fall"—but it was long before they were able to see the necessity of applying it to defense work.

In 1877 when the first great strike wave swept across the United States thousands of arrests followed in its wake. Dozens of defense committees were formed through the trade unions and other labor groups to collect funds for legal defense. Most of these groups were not connected. None of these groups retained any degree of permanence and none of them developed any clear defense program or policy. Less than ten years later, in 1886, the first attempt at a national defense movement came into being.

Six leaders of Chicago's working class were framed on a charge of throwing a bomb into one of their own meetings. The movement for the eight-hour day was gaining momentum on the crest of a strike wave started on May 1, 1866. The strike at the McCormick Reaper Plant continued. On May 3, the police

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crashed down upon workers assembled before the plant. Five were killed. August Spies, who had spoken at the meeting, rushed to the office of his newspaper, Arbeiter-Zeitung, to issue a leaflet calling for a protest meeting on May 4 at the Haymarket. Into the midst of this peaceful protest meeting someone, no one ever learned who it was, threw a bomb. After a trial that lasted sixty-one days, five leaders of Chicago's working class were condemned to death.

The defense movement around the Haymarket case spread all over the country. Great protest meetings were held, resolutions and petitions flooded Chicago officials and the governor of the state. Long tables were set out on the streets of Chicago before which hundreds of people filed to sign protest petitions. But in vain. November 11, 1887 was the date upon which these five heroes were executed—four on the gallows and one in his cell. The police said it was a "suicide." The whole defense movement fell apart after the legal murder. No provisions for the future—no permanent machinery left standing ready to defend the next victims of the class war in the years to come.

Again in 1903 broad defense movements were developed in behalf of the leaders of the Western Federation of Miners, C. H. Moyer, Bill Haywood and George Pettibone and in 1912 in defense of Ettor, Giovanitti and Caruso, leaders of the great Lawrence textile strike charged with a murder that was committed by a police agent of the American Woolen Co. Thousands of dollars were collected and spent in exposing the frame-ups and rousing opposition to the charges. Complete victory in both these cases came for the workers. But neither of these bodies made any attempt to establish a permanent defense apparatus.

Immediately after the World War, the forerunner of the present day Red Scare was dragged across the country. A dragnet was set for all "alien trouble makers" and the deportation delirium reached its frenzied height in 1919. The organized labor movement attempted to establish some lasting defense machinery.

The National Defense Committee was founded in 1920, with Edgar Owens as national secretary. It handled most of the arrests and frame-ups that attended Attorney General Palmer's "Red Raids." There was also the Workers Defense Union, founded in 1918, headed by Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, active in the Centralia case, in the Winnipeg General Strike and in the early years of the Sacco-Vanzetti case. Finally, there were the Labor Defense Councils, started in 1922 around the Bridgman, Michigan, case, in which thirty-two leaders of the Communist Party were arrested and charged with criminal syndicalism. This organization was still in existence in 1925 and sent twenty-three representatives to the conference which founded the I.L.D. It voted to merge with the new organization as a body.

On June 28, 1925, delegates from trade unions, fraternal organizations, political parties and existing defense committees gathered together in Chicago to bring into being the International Labor Defense. The delegates reviewed the work of the past, the attempts that had been made to organize to shield the ranks of the labor movement against the barrage of oppressive measures from the armory of American capitalism. All that was good in the lessons that the pioneers of labor defense had left as a heritage to the working class was embodied in the program of the I.L.D. It set out at once to make good its promise and its pledge to defend all persecuted for their activity in the labor movement, to defend the struggles of the national minorities and to support the families of the victims of ruling class terror regardless of their color, creed, nationality or political belief. It strained every effort and every resource to organize the broadest possible mass defense and mass protest, in the courts themselves, on the streets, in every organization and to supplement and spur this with the best available legal defense.

The ruling class propaganda about "fairness and justice to all before the law" had taken a strong hold on the minds of the American people. Politics were supposed to be left outside the door of the courthouse like rubbers on a rainy day. It was difficult to smash through the dense fog of illusions about the courts. It is still difficult today. But it is a necessary part of the job of organizing working class defense and now, as in the early days, the I.L.D. continues to expose the courts as repressive instruments in the hands of the capitalist state.

Big Bill Haywood, leader, fighter and many times a political prisoner hailed the formation of the I.L.D.

> Voices from prison—the graves of living men—will come to thank you for your deeds [he wrote in 1926]. Tom Mooney, Warren Billings, Jim McNamara, Matt Schmidt, Sacco and Vanzetti, will realize that in the I.L.D. another force has been launched in their support. . . . Many of the cases that confront you could have been averted by the organized strength that you will develop. . . . Money or lawyers are not the only requirements of legal or real defense. . . . One who has been placed in jeopardy as I have been most keenly feels the power of organization. It is to an expression of solidarity on the part of the workers that I owe my life . . .

Bill Haywood was right. Thousands of American workers, farmers, students, are free today because of the work of the I.L.D. Hundreds of them faced long jail sentences, many even death. Most of these cases never saw the limelight of national publicity. But they were fought with the weapons of mobilization, agitation and fearless exposure of class forces in the courts. Thousands were won in the obscurity of little towns and dingy courtrooms, forging new weapons in the hands of the toiling masses in defense of their own. Scores of cases rang around the world—Passaic, Sacco-Vanzetti, Gastonia, Herndon, Scottsboro—names that call up scenes of battles fought from Berlin to Shanghai, from Paris to New York.

As important as these defense battles themselves is the program and policy of workers' defense which they have so clearly forged. Mass protest and mass defense have proven their might time and again—positively, by their effective presence and results in the repeated victories in the Scottsboro case during the last four years and negatively by their absence in the Sacco-Vanzetti case.

By June, 1925, Sacco and Vanzetti had been in jail for almost five years. The legal battle against their frame-up had traveled from the lowest to the highest courts of Massachusetts. Mountains of evidence had been collected to show that Sacco and Vanzetti, "the poor fish peddler and the lowly shoemaker" had been far away from the scenes of the mercenary crimes for which they were tried and convicted. Thousands had learned to revere and love the quiet courage of these two men who would not surrender their principles even though these were being openly used against them to send them to their deaths in the electric chair.

The Sacco-Vanzetti case became a battle between the American bourgeoisie riding on top of the wave of post-war prosperity and the world wide protest of the working class and its sympathizers.

By the time the I.L.D. entered the case, the various Sacco-Vanzetti defense committees had squandered five years in useless and confusing capitulation to illusions in bourgeois justice. "Don't annoy the courts, don't antagonize the governor," had become the slogans of the defense rather than "storm the heavens to free Sacco and Vanzetti."

The I.L.D. mobilized nation-wide protest meetings. Hundreds of thousands of leaflets gathered hundreds of thousands of people into the streets and meeting halls of the land to demand freedom for their fellow workers Native and foreign-born, side by side, collected funds, passed resolutions, finally went on strike in many sections of the country for the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti—the "anarchist bastards" whom Massachusetts capitalism was determined to kill.

But the answer to Vanzetti's call for "million men" came too late. And an outraged working class all over the world raised its voice in anguished protest on August 22 1927, when two heroic lives were burned out in Massachusetts. Their names remain as symbols of the heroes which the working class can produce.

Remembering the words of the Haymarket martyrs, spoken on the scaffold in Chicago in 1887, "There will come a time when our silence will be more powerful than the voice you are strangling today," the I.L.D. has pledged itself to keep the voices of the victims of ruling class justice loud and ringing—from the tomb, from prison, from chain gangs.

On its tenth anniversary the I.L.D. renews its solemn pledge to the martyrs of the past to the victims of today, to the heroes of tomorrow—"We will not forget. We will not permit you to be forgotten. We will battle on until you are free."

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William Gropper

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A Report on Harlan County

To the Governor of Kentucky

Violence against miners has been raging in Harlan County, Kentucky, for the past five years. In 1932 Harry Sims, nineteen-year-old union organizer, was murdered in cold blood by sheriff's deputies. A group of writers who attempted to investigate the killing was forced out of the state and Waldo Frank and Allan Taub were beaten up for insisting on their constitutional rights. Unions had been protesting intimidation and suppression for a long time and these incidents served to call the attention of the country to what was happening.

Theodore Dreiser headed another investigating committee. He was indicted for criminal syndicalism and later published the committee's findings in Harlan Miners Speak. *A student delegation that attempted to investigate was not permitted to stay in Harlan. Members were taken back to Tennessee and leaders were beaten up.*

Writers and students alike agreed that all civil liberties had been suspended in Harlan county and that a virtual dictatorship had been established by coal operators. They submitted evidence to show that newspaper publishers, law-enforcement officers and ministers were under the domination of operators and that union activities had been placed under a ban.

The volume of complaints grew until Governor Laffoon finally appointed an investigating committee last February. The committee was headed by an adjutant general. The report which is printed here bears out the charges made four years ago.—THE EDITORS.

Hon. Ruby Laffoon,
Governor of Kentucky,
Frankfort, Kentucky.

Dear Governor Laffoon:

Your Commission, appointed February 12, 1935, to investigate a state of unrest long existing in the southeastern Kentucky bituminous coal fields, desire to submit the following report:

The Commission met at Frankfort, Kentucky, and organized on February 15, 1935, the following members being present:

Adj. Gen. Henry H. Denhardt, Chairman
Rev. Adelphus Gilliam
Hon. Oren Coin
Hon. Hugh B. Gregory.

The Commission conducted hearings at Frankfort on March 7, 8, 9 and 11. On these dates, the United Mine Workers of America presented their testimony in chief. On March 25, 26, 27 and 28, the Coal Operators of Harlan County took their evidence. Further evidence offered by both sides was heard May 6. On May 23, 24 and 25, the Commission visited the coal mines and camps of Letcher, Harlan and Bell Counties. Certain evidence was offered by both sides during this visit to these Counties. The Commission also interviewed a number of miners, mining operators, certain officials and many other citizens. In all, several thousand pages of evidence was taken and the investigation was full and thorough.

The Honorable A. Floyd Byrd of Lexington, Kentucky, represented the United Mine Workers of America during the various hearings, while the Honorable J. B. Snyder, Honorable William Sampson, Honorable B. B. Snyder and Honorable George C. Ward, all of Harlan County, represented the coal operators. . . .

The representatives of both sides to the controversy are honorable men of the highest type and their treatment of the Commission was all that could be expected. On our visit to the coal fields, we could not have received more courteous, more kindly or finer treatment anywhere than was given us by the leaders of both sides. It is hard for the members of your Commission to understand why, with such splendid citizens heading and controlling their organizations, that conditions in Harlan County can not be amicably settled to the satisfaction of both sides concerned. However, your Commission regrets to have to report that conditions of the most serious nature exist in Harlan County which, if permitted to go on, will continue to reflect on the good name not only of Harlan County, but of Kentucky as well.

It is almost unbelievable that anywhere in a free and democratic nation such as ours, conditions can be found as bad as they are in Harlan County. There exists a virtual reign of terror, financed in general by a group of coal mine operators in collusion with certain public officials; the victims of this reign of terror are the coal miners and their families.

We found conditions in Bell and Letcher Counties entirely the reverse of those in Harlan. We believe that these better conditions existing in the first two counties are due to a better understanding between employers and employee. In these counties, freedom of speech and the right to peaceably assemble are recognized. There is no oppression from above; there is helpful cooperation and understanding between the operators and the miners. However, it is true that these outrageous conditions complained of in Harlan County do not exist in all the mines in that county. There are some operators in Harlan County who do not condone the practices indulged in by the Harlan County Coal Operators' Association. These operators who do not indorse the methods of the Harlan County Coal Operators' Association are fair and just to their men and treat them as human beings, yet while affording fair and decent treatment to their employees, these operators are operating their mines apparently as successfully as are other operators where ruthless oppression is the rule. The Commission wishes to especially express its commendation of these operators who have the courage to operate their mines in a righteous manner when surrounded by so many operations where unjust and un-American methods are practiced.

In Harlan County, we found a monster-like reign of oppression, whose tentacles reached into the very foundation of the social structure and even into the Church of God. Ministers of the Gospel of the very highest standing complained to us of these conditions. Reprisals on the part of bankers, coal operators and others of the wealthier class were practiced against churches whose ministers had the courage to criticize from the pulpit, the intolerable state of conditions that they of their knowledge know to exist in Harlan County. The miners themselves and their families generally, hesitated to discuss their affairs with the Commission. Free speech and the right of peaceable assemblage is scarcely tolerated. Those who attend meetings or voice any sentiment favorable to organized labor are promptly discharged and evicted from their homes. Many are beaten and mistreated in most unjust and un-American methods by some operators using certain "so-called peace officers" to carry out their desires.

There is no doubt that Theodore Middleton, Sheriff of Harlan County, is in league with the operators and is using many of his deputies to carry out his purposes. This sheriff was elected by a big majority given him largely by the laboring people. It is not denied that the operators had a candidate opposing him. Several days prior to his election, the sheriff and others captured a ballot box which had already been stuffed. This box contained some six hundred and fifty ballots already marked against him and upon his plea that National Guard troops be furnished to help "un-stuff" many other of the stuffed ballot boxes in the county, which was done, he was elected by the people in one of the few fair elections ever held in that country. He had been Chief of Police of Harlan and while so acting as chief of police, he always permitted public speakings on the union's questions. He even roped off the streets for this purpose. He promised, if elected, that

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he would continue giving to the people the right of free speech and of free and lawful assemblage. So much did he oppose the ruthless, lawless methods of certain operators in having ballot boxes stuffed, that he was present at least when one man was killed and others wounded over this lawless stuffing of a ballot box and when the National Guard arrived, he and some of his henchmen were engaged in an attack on a commissary in which dynamite, rifle and other gun fire were used with serious effect to some of his misguided and trusting followers. The National Guard arrived in time to stop this battle and no doubt saved his life as well as the lives of others with him. Yet after all this, he has proven faithless to the trust which the people reposed in him.

There are some faithful officials in Harlan County who are making an honest effort to do their duty. Your Commission would especially commend and congratulate the Circuit Judge, the Honorable James M. Gilbert and the County Attorney, the Honorable Elom Middleton for courage and fidelity to duty under very trying circumstances.

In one three-room building in the town of Cumberland, we found huddled together eleven children and four adults forced from their company-owned homes because they dared to oppose the will of the operators. In this same building, preparations were being made to receive another family of seven children and their parents who likewise had been forced to leave their home because the father had expressed himself favorably to the labor organization.

The proof shows that the homes of union miners and organizers were dynamited and fired into, that the United States flag was defiled in the presence of and with the consent of peace officers who were sworn to uphold the principles for which it stands. These flags were on cars that were being used for organization purposes by the United Mine Workers. A deputy sheriff from an adjoining county entering Harlan County to make an arrest was disarmed, his gun was broken up with a sledge hammer at the direction of the sheriff and he, himself, was ordered to leave the county by Sheriff Middleton in person.

The Honorable Charles Barnes of Cincinnati and New York, Chairman of the N.R.A. Bituminous Coal Labor Board for District No. 1 South, told your Commission under oath that his board had been unable to obtain the least semblance of cooperation from most of the large Harlan County coal operators. He stated that the provisions of the N.R.A. had been ignored by almost every mine operator in the county. He further stated that the number of complaints of violations of the N.R.A. in Harlan County far exceeded the number of complaints from any other county under the jurisdiction of the two boards of which he was chairman. Harlan County, he said, is the "sore spot" in the entire district, which he testified that the charges against the Harlen County operators consist of discrimination against the men, intimidation, lack of checkweighmen; the discharging of a number of men for no other reason than for union activities. Violation of code hours and wages were numerous and general. He stated that every mine in the Harlan district except those in contractual relations with the union, violated the code regulations.

Little Rays of Sunshine — *Russell T. Limbach*

Mr. Barnes testified that he had received one hundred and twenty-eight (128) sworn affidavits supporting complaints against different mines in Harlan County concerning the beating-up of men by Deputy Sheriffs, and also for other causes. He testified that a number of operators were summoned as witnesses before the board of which Mr. Barnes was chairman, but that only one operator showed any respect whatsoever for the board. Sheriff Middleton was summoned to appear before the board, but the sheriff ignored the summons. Middleton told Mr. Barnes later that, "the operators are not going to have anybody tell them how to run their business," and also that he would not allow labor agitators to stir up matters. Middleton stated to Mr. Barnes that his (the sheriff's) office was going to aid the operators in their endeavors to keep the United Mine Workers of America out of Harlan.

Mr. Barnes testified that "there isn't a county in the whole United States, that is, south of Indiana, and east of Indiana, where I have not had better cooperation." He testified that Mingo County, West Virginia, was in good shape. Mr. Barnes further stated, "you will have to have a new sheriff. You can't help but have a new sheriff. I don't think you can do it (remedy conditions) any other way. He (the sheriff) is tied in with a gang of some of the toughest kind of deputies. He has also gotten tied in some honorable gentlemen. The only objection I have is that men are not free to meet

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in Harlan County—not free to assemble and become anything they want to become—United Mine Workers of America, Company Union or anything that they want, no religion, no lodge, no organization. They are not free. The minute they attempt to assemble, on the slightest suspicion that the United Mine Workers of America have something to do with it, that ends it. . . . "

The evidence shows that the miners' wages are cut for additional school costs such as longer terms, additional teachers, etc., but it also appears that the operators have much to say as to the selection of the teachers, who naturally are friendly. The men are also cut for the expense of company doctors. Of course, the companies select these, who are also friendly.

The only newspaper in the county is owned by a gentleman who is the enthusiastic friend and supporter of the operators. Even the choice of banks for their savings and of undertakers for the burials of their men are handled to the satisfaction of the operators.

Many cities and towns of Harlan County are not incorporated as in other counties because the operators prefer to maintain their own government rather than give their men the right to participate and elect their officials, police officers, etc., as they do in Jenkins, Letcher County and in many other places where the rights of the people are respected. Thus it will be seen that in Harlan County, from the cradle to the grave, the things most vitally affecting the lives of the people are under the friendly control and supervision of the operators.

On the other hand, the mine operators, or rather those who appeared before the Commission as their representatives, accuse the United Mine Workers of America of having perpetrated outrages against non-union miners, of having imported into Harlan County certain individuals for the purpose of stirring up dissatisfaction and crippling the coal industry; however, when quite a number of these so-called outsiders were arrested in Cumberland and taken to jail and kept there for several days without being given an opportunity to make bond and all without rhyme, right or reason, except that they belonged to the Union, and without any warrants being issued against them, not a single one of them on this occasion or any other, was found to be armed. Later warrants were sworn out by the Sheriff himself and all but one of the warrants were dismissed without trial.

Your Commission fully recognized the fact that the Southeastern Kentucky bituminous coal fields are among the most extensive and the wealthiest in the world and that the operators who have heavily invested their capital in this field have a right to lawful protection and a fair profit on their investment. It also recognizes the fact that the United Mine Workers of America or any similar organization has the Constitutional right so long as it remains in the bounds of legal propriety and reason, to organize, to speak and to conduct meetings wherever and whenever it may desire.

It appears that the principal cause of existing conditions in Harlan County is the desire of the mine operators to amass for themselves fortunes through the oppression of their laborers, which they do through the Sheriff's office. Mine owners have a right to have their property properly protected, but these mine guards should not be made use of away from the property of their employers. They should not be gunmen or ex-convicts; they should not be organized into "flying squadrons" to terrorize and intimidate people anywhere in the county wherever the Sheriff may direct.

Your Commission believes that before conditions can be bettered in Harlan County, that it is absolutely essential that the operators and miners come to a better understanding, one with another, and that the operators come to fully recognize the fact that the miners they employ are human beings with equal rights under the law with themselves, and that their employees are not mere tools to be used by them as they may see fit. The present system of deputized mine guards and one-sided administration of the law must be abolished. The law should be enforced as strictly against the operators as it is now being enforced only against the miners. Free and honest elections are also a necessity, and the "stuffing" of ballot boxes, the voting of ballots in the names of discharged employees, in the names of men that are dead or else never existed, these ballots being voted days in advance of elections, should be stopped. All of this is being done now, and in their prime when the list of names ran out, these election experts even voted trees, flowers, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air.

The Commission recommends to you that Sheriff Middleton be removed from office. This may accomplish little, as some other Sheriff will likely be appointed who will indulge in the same methods, but at any rate, it would be "food for thought" for future Sheriffs.

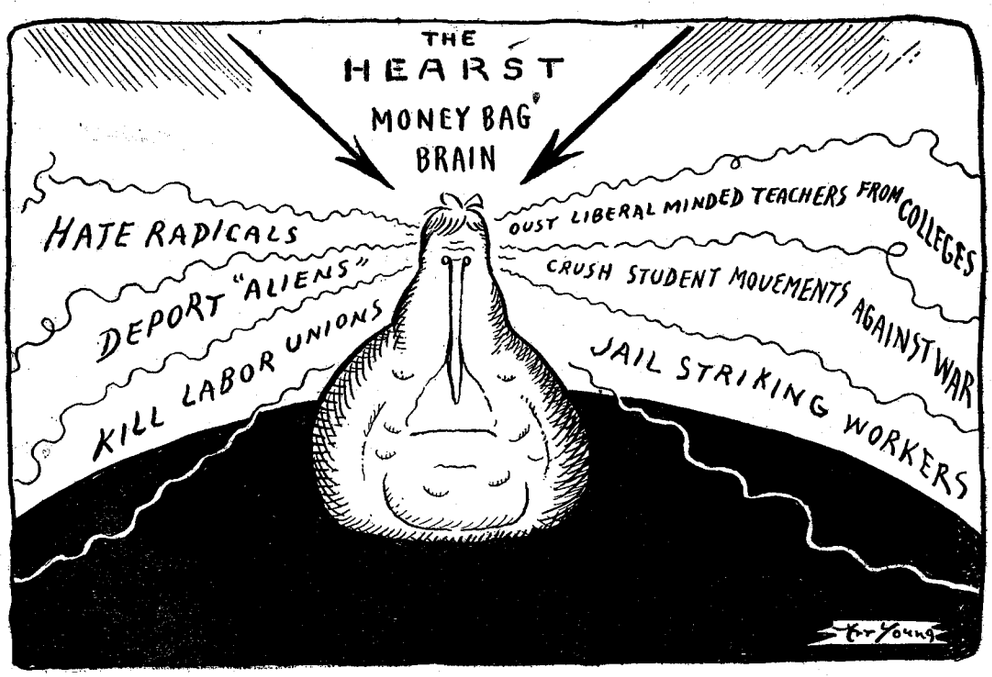
It is further recommended that a Commission similar to this be appointed and authorized to fully investigate any further outrages committed or permitted by Sheriffs, Deputies, other officials, or persons.

It is also recommended that State Police Officers be used to enforce the law and give proper protection to the people, in the event the local officials do not see fit to "clean house" themselves. In fact, one mine operator who was attempting to give his men a square deal, requested the use of the State Police if he could not keep his own deputies. This man's house had been dynamited presumably by men who did not like his method of fair dealing, and who had been notified by Sheriff Middleton that he was, in the future, going to furnish only deputies of his (the Sheriff's) own chosing.

In conclusion, your Commission desires to report that after mature and careful deliberation, that its members unanimously agree that charges made in writing against the Harlan Coal Operators and filed with the Commission by Mr. William Turnblazer, President of District Number 19, and Mr. Sam Caddy, President of District Number 30, of United Mine Workers of America, have been successfully substantiated by competent evidence except that it was not shown that the number of Deputy Sheriffs and other peace officers in Harlan County was as great as three hundred.

Respectfully submitted,

HENRY H. DENHART, Chairman,
ADELPHUS GILLIAM,
ORDEN COIN,
HUGH S. GREGORY,
Investigation Commission.



Art Young

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Comedy Cop

JAMES T. FARRELL

I

RED KELLY, with a growing pot belly and a sleek, shiny, puffed face, shoved his pudgy arms into his camel's hair coat, drew it around himself, stretched his arms and hunched his shoulders in order to work himself into the coat so that it would look like the good fit it was. Holding his newly purchased gray fedora in his hand, he kissed his wife, a thin, slender, pretty-faced girl.

"Darling, now promise me you won't drink?" she asked in a coaxing voice, draping her arms behind his coat collar, smiling meekly up into his face.

"You know I won't on a Christmas Eve like this. I'd only take one or two shots and that's not enough to get me snozzled. I just want to say hello to some of the boys and wish them a Merry Christmas."

"Only one."

"All right, only one," he promised, looking frankly and with affection into her brown adoring eyes.

He thumbed her chin playfully, kissed her, made a gesture as if to punch her which he had learned from James Cagney in the talkies. He kissed her flush on the lips.

"Who you love?" he asked.

"You," she muttered as if answering a question in a child's game.

"There isn't a man alive who's got a better wife than I got," he said gently, but with pride.

"Mean that?"

His answer was another kiss.

"Now don't you forget what you promised, darling!"

"How could I?" he said revealing an even set of white teeth with his smile.

She pinched his jowl.

"Sweet cakes," he said.

"I'll wash the dishes and put baby to bed. Then you'll be back so we can go to confession early because you know there'll be a big line there. And then honey, you mustn't forget that you got to decorate baby's first Christmas tree?"

"I won't. I'll be back by the time you're ready."

II

A MILD breeze from the nearby lake tickled Red's shaven neck as he sauntered eastward along Fifty-fifth Street, his shoulders thrown back and as erect as those of a soldier on the march, his hands sunken deeply into his overcoat pockets, a cigar sticking from the corner of his thick lips, his face expressing a benign contentment. He walked along, a snapshot of health, prosperity and well-being.

He flicked ashes from his cigar with a professional gesture. Under the Illinois Central viaduct, he paused, opened his coat and looked with pride at his bailiff's badge, pinned on the inside of his jacket coat. He dug his left hand into his inside overcoat pocket and caressed his revolver. No need to carry them, except that they both always came in handy in case of trouble. But he liked to feel them, look at them, because they were the signs of his success in the world.

He heard a train rumble overhead, and buttoned up his overcoat. His cigar had gone out, and he slowly relit it, and stood watching people pour through the high, rattling, turnstile gates of the I. C., many of them carrying brightly wrapped and ribboned Christmas packages. He strolled out, and out of sheer well-fed good spirits, he began singing to himself.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the while. . . .

He smiled in satisfaction, dreamily thinking that at the age of thirty-three he had done pretty well by himself. Compare where he was with some of the boys he used to hang out with in the old days around Fifty-eighth and Prairie. Most of them were dead, like poor Studs Lonigan, Lord have mercy on their souls. But of those who were alive, not that he wished them any bad luck, but had any of them gotten as far along the road as he had? Yes, he could certainly say that this was a Christmas when he could afford to be happy.

Fifty-fifth Street, west of Lake Park Avenue, was lit with store windows, and its atmosphere was slightly garish with saloons, delicatessens, hardware stores, cheap hotels, grocery stores, stationery and cigar stores, shoe-shining parlors, restaurants, Chinese laundries. He noticed the N.R.A. blue eagle in most of the windows which were stocked with goods in Christmas decorations, and he saw that inside, there were many people making last minute purchases. He smiled passing a short Jew who stood beside Christmas trees which he had stacked inside of and in front of an unrented store. Just what Kelly liked to see. Christmas and ribbons and brightly colored papers and boxes, Christmas, with everybody seeming to be happy, full of good spirits.

Jingle bells, jingle bells, jingle all the while. . . .

He dropped a nickel in a Salvation Army lassie's plate, figuring he would do it even if the Salvation Army was not Catholic.

III

RED strolled into O'Connell's saloon near the corner of Fifty-fifth and Blackstone, posing, his manner cocky, his looks suggesting the politician.

"Merry Christmas Bill," he said cheerfully to the sunken-cheeked, bony bartender as he stepped up to the scantily populated bar. He casually glanced around to see if there were any one around whom he knew. Not yet. Well the boys would all happen along soon. He hoped that they would shake their tails though, because he had to get back to the wife. He was married to the best kid in the world, and a father. Funny. And swell. He liked it too. And he was able to provide for his family decently.

"Whiskey straight. Ginger ale chaser, Bill," he ordered, leaning his left elbow on the bar.

Yes, there would be plenty of lads he knew around, and many of them too would like to be in his boots. But he cautioned himself. Because he was getting along now in the political game, that didn't mean that he should let himself go getting a swelled head. But he wouldn't. Everybody who knew him, knew him better than that. He imagined friends talking about him, saying how he was a precinct captain and a bailiff now with a little drag, but adding that he was still the same kind of a regular guy that he had always been.

"Well Red, how's tricks?" Bill asked, placing Red's order before him.

"Can't complain Bill, can't complain," Red answered, paying for his order, and lavishing a twenty-five cent tip upon the bartender.

"Thanks Red. And I was going to say Red, the way I look at it, things will be getting better right along now. But by the way Red, how you like the liquor?"

"Fair. It will have to take time before we get real good stuff."

"Yes Red, it takes time. But someday the liquor will be just as good as it used to be before the goddamn bluenoses shoved Prohibition over on us. But now that that's a closed chapter and we're going to have g liquor and good times."

Red nodded, pleased with the warr sensation in his stomach.

"Yes Bill, it looks like this is ticketec be the best Christmas we've had since depression set in."

"So they say. And I've been reading in the papers. And business has been, well, fair, but it hasn't been nearly as good as the boss calculated it would be," the bartender said, while from outside there came the noise of a passing street car.

"Yes Bill, Roosevelt has pulled the country back on its feet, and things will hum now. 1934 ought to be just like old times before we got the depression."

"I hope so. God, I hope so."

"Another, Bill!" Red said.

"Merry Christmas Kelly!"

Red turned and greeted the newcomer, a

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tall and lanky fellow in his thirties with a narrow unpleasant face.

"How's tricks down at the Hall?"

"Oh, all right. Can't complain Red, can't complain. I'm getting my check every week again now, and I been paid up for all that time when they weren't able to pay us, and that's just the little ducat that counts the most in this man's world."

"Same here Jack," Red smiled.

Red thought of his promise to return home, as others kept coming in and the saloon buzzed with conversation. But he could stand one more drink and spare an extra five minutes. It was so pleasant in the saloon, what with talk, happy drinking with regular fellows, everybody having a good time. Five more minutes of it and another drink wouldn't hurt. The kid at home was a little slow in getting dressed and fixed up anyway.

After the fifth drink, Red's face flushed and he began looking around him with eyes slightly bleary. He began to forget about going home.

"Say Jack, we're Democrats, ain't we pal?" he suddenly said to the narrow-faced fellow.

"You wrote it that time Kelly my boy, you wrote it," Jack said, shaking hands with Red.

"And our party is going to stay in the saddle until hell freezes over. We're going to run this city, ain't we, goddamn it. You know we ain't ever had a man in Washington, except Woodrow Wilson, who's a great man like Roosevelt" said Loomis, a squat husky lad in the group clustered around Red.

"Boys, a drink to F. D. R." Red said, and they drank.

Red glowed. His fat face beamed, his cheeks seeming feverish. Around him were all regular fellows, all feeling fine and happy. No disagreements. He suddenly looked down the boisterous crowded bar, and sneered at several fellows whose faces he didn't like. He touched the revolver in his overcoat pocket, wagged his chin knowingly.

'Hi, boy!" Red suddenly said as a burly gh lad joined them.

'Hello Bob! Merry Christmas!" another the group said to the new arrival.

"Merry Christmas Kelly!" Bob said, shak-g hands with Red.

"How's the boys?" Red asked.

"Oh Red, they're O. K."

"I haven't seen them around the club much lately," Red said.

"Well I got them all in the bag, Red. You can count on that. But you know something funny happened. You know down around Fifty-seventh and Harper, they got some of these Communists."

"Goddamn Reds! Reformers!" Red sneered.

"They called themselves something like the International Labor Defense," Bob continued. "Well, some of the boys, they got started fooling around down there. There was girls there, good looking broads, some of them hot bitches from the University. Why, they'd even dance with niggers, and from what some of the boys told me about them, I guess they even jazzed the eight balls."

"Goddamn stinking low, if you ask me," Red said.

"Well, the boys saw the broads there at a dance, see, and they used to have jiggs regularly, so they just started hanging around and of course, they didn't get around the club so often. They didn't know, at first, that they were palling out with Reds and they just let themselves get rimmed in on it. Well it was all right for a while with these dances and some of them even getting a little tail. But when the boys got the idea straight and discovered they were futzing with Reds—well!"

"The Reds think they're too damn good for the human race, stirring up trouble and agitating the way they do," Red said.

"Come on boys how about another?"

"Sure let's have another. Don't care if I do," Red said.

They drank. The saloon was continually getting more crowded, the talk rising louder and louder, and Red began stumbling on his feet in the center of the group of his friends and companions.

"You know Jack, I'm going somewhere in this goddamn world," Red mumbled, his chin sinking against his chest.

"You and me both Kelly."

"Sure, I'm only a bailiff now and a precinct captain," Red said, raising his head, swaying unevenly. "That's all I am now, but I'm just starting. And I already have done favors for boys. Now you know Jim Doyle, the cop. Take his kid cousin, Joe. Joe's a lawyer. He went to the University for six or seven years and for a while, Jim and some of us boys thought he was going to get swell-headed and start to thinking that he was too good for the human race. But he turned out regular. He went to the University. I didn't go. He's a lawyer. I ain't a lawyer. He's supposed to be smart. Not me. But where did he go when he wanted a job? Who did he come to for a job? To Red Kelly. And me, I got him a job. And I didn't go to college, either."

"Merry Christmas Red!"

Red glanced suspiciously at the shifty looking fellow who had interrupted his monologue.

"Don't you remember me, Kelly?"

" Can't say that I do stranger," Red said, staring at him with continuing suspicion, half-heartedly shaking the fellow's clammy hand.

"I met you down the street at the Democratic club last month, on the night that Squeaks Gorman, the judge, spoke."

"I meet lots of lads. Now tell me stranger, are you with me or against me? Now I want to know, are you with me or against me?" Red said snottilly, accompanying his words with a squint-eyed glance.

"With you, of course," the fellow said, limply shaking Red's hand for a second time.

"Well, have a drink then," Red said with a flourishing gesture of the right arm, as he turned to the bar. He nudged Jack on his right and said, "You know Jack, I've got the sweetest little wife in the world."

"Yeh Red, I think she is. I only wish I had a wife as fine as yours is."

"Jack I love her. Alongside of her, Jack, most women are, well you know what they are."

"What?" Jack asked.

"Just plain mud."

"That's the way I felt about my old lady, but she died. She was a swell old lady for me too, and then, she gets pneumonia and dies," Jack said, a sob almost creeping into his voice.

"I love my wife. I love my wife and I love my baby. Here, Bill, give me a drink." Red said, taking his glass, raising it. "Here's to my wife and baby."

He glanced dull-eyed along the dense and crowded bar, wavered, supported himself against the bar.

"I was supposed to go home to my wife and I'm going, but I got to have another drink first."

He stood by the bar squinting his eyes at another tumbler of whiskey.

"All right boys, a drink to F. D. R., the leader," Jack called.

"That's the ticket," Red said.

"To the leader!"

The glasses were touched, swallowed.

"He put us back on the road to prosperity," Red mumbled.

"He's a great man."

"And he leads a great party," Red said.

"And there's his picture," Jack said, pointing to a picture of the President, draped in an American flag and framed over the center of the glass mirror opposite the bar.

"That's him," said Red.

The talk went on, punctuated with recurrent holiday greetings, loosened with regular drinks.

IV

"MY old pal," Red said warmly, seeing red-faced Les.

"Merry Christmas Red! And how are you, goddamn you!" Les smiled.

"Same as you, Les, goddamn you, and Merry Christmas to you again!"

"My old pal Kelly, goddamn his filthy soul," Les said, both of them laughing goodnaturedly.

The air in the saloon was stale. The talk rose, and increasing numbers of customers thickened around the bar and the tables. Red and Les drank and other newcomers clustered around them. Suddenly the talk in their group shifted back to politics.

"Now listen!" Red said, interrupting another fellow who was speaking, "When you guys start talking politics, I got something to say." He paused, spread his unsteady feet widely apart, stood with his head falling forward and his torso swinging to and fro. He revealed his bailiff's badge. "The name's Kelly. I'm in the political game, I am.

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Judge Gorman's court. Bailiff. Precinct captain in this ward over by the lake. Now what do you guys want to know?" Red challengingly stared at the stranger who had previously excited his suspicion.

"Sure, I agree with you," the stranger smiled in weak conciliation.

"On what do you agree with me?" Red asked, his voice growing more snotty as he perceived cowardice in the stranger's expression.

"Come on Red, have a drink," a friend said, putting his hand on Red's shoulder.

"Fellow, on just what do you agree?"

"Why I agree with you."

"Well what in the name of all Hell does that mean? Why I just agree with you. Now you said that. You said you agree with me. But what, what do you agree with me?" Red said, the group about them becoming tense, expectant.

The stranger grinned.

"Well, I'm waiting," Red sneered.

"Oh let's can it, friend?" the stranger said.

"No, we won't can anything. I want to know what you agree with me in?"

"Politics."

"Well fellow, that's a big order. And what aspect of politics do you agree with me in?"

"Let's have another drink," the stranger said.

"Sure we'll have another drink. But first, I want to get an answer from you. Now what do you mean you agree with me?"

"Well, I thought I did from what you said."

"You thought you did? Well, what did I say?"

"You said that in politics . . . oh hell, come on friend, it's Christmas Eve, and we're all jolly, let's have a drink and forget it."

"Sure we will. We'll drop it. But before we drop it, I want to tell you what a goddamn crap artist you are, because I didn't say anything that you could agree with me on."

"Red!" Les said, with attempted persuasiveness.

"Come on Kelly, it's Christmas Eve, and we're all friends," Jack said.

"Sure it's Christmas Eve. Sure we're all friends. But I don't like crap, and I'm not used to having anybody try and crap me. Get that lad, I don't let myself get crapped! Kelly's the name."

The stranger flushed, turned pale, looked at Red with a weak and conciliating grin.

"Got any more to say?" Red asked, his voice still snotty.

"No."

"Then we got your number. You're a goddamn crap artist!"

"But listen. . . . You're drunk. I don't want any trouble with you, but I don't like the way you talk."

"You don't like the way I talk! You don't like the way I talk! You don't like the way I talk!" Red said with heavy sarcasm, his right hand going to his inside overcoat pocket, clasping his revolver. "Go ahead, now, say something else! Say it again!"

A larger crowd was now gathered about them. Two bartenders rushed from behind the bar, and Red's friends pleaded with him.

"You didn't understand me, friend."

"Don't call me friend either!"

"Well I didn't mean anything. I was just agreeing with you on a convivial occasion, drinking, you know, and I wasn't looking for trouble or anything like that."

"But you like to crap people, don't you."

"Come on, Red, he's a pal of mine and regular. And we don't want regular fellows scrapping on Christmas Eve."

"If you say so, Bill, all right. You know me, and you know the one thing I don't like is to be crapped."

"Sure, Red, I know you. Now shake hands with my pal."

Red and the stranger shook hands.

V

"NOW where to?" Red asked, leading a staggering, noisy group out of the saloon.

"Say, I got an idea. Let's go down to these Communists at Fifty-seventh Street and give them the works."

"They don't believe in love, God, the family, or the human race, do they? They think they're too good for the human race," Red said.

"You said it."

"What's the schedule there?" Les asked, looking perplexed at Red, and they told him about the Reds at Fifty-seventh and Harper Avenue as they staggered forward.

"Say, do they get their hair cut?" asked Les.

"They're not human. Come on boys!" Red said, his hand on his gun as he marched forward to the head of the drunken procession.

They turned into Cable Court, off Harper, a dark and narrow one-block street.

"This is the joint."

"None of them here," one of the lads said in disappointment, as they stared into a darkened store window and could see within, white signs plastered along the walls.

"A break for them, the bastards," Red said.

With the butt of his revolver, he cracked the window and one of the others followed by hurling a brick through it, causing a crash of breaking glass. They ran to Lake Park Avenue and they cut down to Fifty-seventh street, gleefully shouting as they dashed under the Illinois Central viaduct and drew to a halt breathless, excited and happy at the corner of Fifty-seventh and Stony Island Avenue.

"Jesus, we might have got pinched for it," Les said, walking beside Red and still breathing heavily.

"See this!" Red said, flashing his badge.

"Well, boys, let's do something else now."

"O. K. pal!"

"Me, I'd like to go to a can house. I feel the imminent need of getting 'em off."

"I'm laying off that. I'm a married man and I love my wife," Red said.

They straggled around and got another drink at a saloon, roamed the streets again talking in raised voices. Soon, Red, Les and a swarthy lad named Joe were alone together and walking south along Blackstone Avenue from Fifty-fifth Street. At Fifty-sixth Street, Red saw a drunk across the street, wobbling out of an automobile. He crossed to the fellow, followed by his companions.

"Where you going there fellow?" he asked.

"Why?" the drunk, a middle-aged and large-boned man asked in surprise.

"Never mind why! Where are you going?"

"Say is this a free country, or isn't it?"

Red flashed his bailiff's badge.

"Officer, I'm not violating any laws."

"I just asked you where you were going?"

"I'm here to see my girl."

"All right. When a police officer asks you questions, the next time, don't try to evade answering them. What is your name?"

The fellow drew a card from his wallet, and handed it to Red.

"What do you do?" Red asked, after reading the name on the card.

"I sell vacuum cleaners."

"Well, it's all right. Only the next time, don't try to get out of answering questions like you seemed to be trying this time."

"I didn't. It was just a misunderstanding, officer, because I didn't know who you were. Come on, have a drink," he said, handing a bottle of bourbon to Kelly.

They drank and then Red and his pals proceeded along Blackstone Avenue toward Fifty-seventh Street.

"Well boys, would or wouldn't Kelly make a good dick?" he asked.

"You were perfect, Red," Les said.

"Say Kelly, I like this. They think we're dicks all right. I get a kick out of it."

"Yes, Red, you were swell. I always knew you had the stuff in you. Me now, I am no good for nothin'. I'll spend all my life rotting away, and only working extra, at that, for the Continental Express Company," Les said.

"Come on Les, old pal. This is Christmas Eve. And you've been singing that same blues song ever since I've known you."

"Now here's something that looks interesting," Joe said, stopping, gazing up into a lighted first floor window where they could see a party in progress with dancing couples and girls seated near the window.

"Come on," Red said, entering the building, his right hand gripping his revolver.

He rang the first floor bell. The buzzer sounded and a tall, handsome, slender girl in an abbreviated dress opened the door. They could see that she was slightly drunk.

"I beg your pardon," she exclaimed, striv-

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ing vainly to mask her sudden fright.

"We got a call from headquarters that you were making a lot of noise and disturbing the peace," Red said curtly.

"Who are you? May I ask?" the girl said, regaining her composure.

Red flashed his badge and Les and Joe stood behind him, hands in overcoat pockets, frowning in the effort to seem official.

"Will you officers step in a moment, please," she said with an inviting smile.

Entering they heard laughter, talk, music, the clang of touching glasses and suddenly above this a full-throated and spontaneous male roar.

"But officer, please explain this to me," the girl said.

"We got a call."

"Yeh, we was told you was disturbing the peace and raising a racket," Les said out of the side of his mouth.

"But that must have been a mistake. This is a perfectly proper and respectable party."

"Well, let's take a look," Red said.

Red's hat slanted over his right eye and his face and jaws were set in an unrelenting frown. Followed by Joe and Les, who continued posing like moving picture detectives, Red stepped into the parlor and coldly eyed the surprised party guests. A girl, who had been sitting on a fellow's lap, blushed, retreated coyly and meekly into a corner. A couple that had been shimmying, ceased. Red looked fishy-eyed from face to face.

"The house is pinched," a party wit said, causing only strained laughs and giggles.

A sexy girl smiled at Red.

"I got a call there was trouble here," Kelly said, still frowning.

"That must have been a false alarm officer," a thin fellow said.

"Do I look like I'd be where there was trouble?" the sexy girl said, giving Red another come-on, hinting smile.

"Girlie, if you ask me you look like you could cause plenty of trouble" Joe said, his remark easing the strain.

Red turned and walked through the house, accompanied by Joe, Les and the tall slender girl who was very cordial and polite to them.

"I guess everything is O. K. here. But see that you don't make too much noise. We don't like to be sent around on these kind of false alarms. Not on Christmas Eve anyway," Red said.

They accepted drinks and left. Outside, Red laughed and asked them how they liked it that time.

"I'd like to have stuck there and tried to make something," Joe said.

"I wouldn't have complained at that either. A nice piece is what I need to set me off for my Christmas drinking, and the turkey marathon we'll have tomorrow at my aunt Maggie Doyle's house," Les said.

"Well, where to now?" Joe asked.

"Let's just cruise around, and we'll see what happens," Red said.

VI

"COME on" Red said, leading them into a cheap hotel at Fifty-third and Lake Park Avenue. He walked impressively by the seedy desk clerk, marched his companions up the dark stairs covered with a frayed carpet, and abruptly knocked at a door on the third floor.

"Who's there?" a deep female voice called.

"Open up!"

A woman in a red kimona with mussed black hair, opened the door, and behind her on the bed, they saw a younger and prettier girl with curly blonde bobbed hair, who sat cross-legged in pink teddies. Red brushed into the room, Joe and Les following him a trifle hesitantly.

"What's this?" the girl in teddies asked indignantly.

"Now sister, don't give me any mouth!" Red snapped.

"Well, this is nerve! What's the big idea of coming into our room like this. We didn't ask you, did we?"

"Not much of an idea. Just checking up on you hustlers," Red said, sending a flush of fear into their faces as he quickly flashed his badge.

"What do you mean by insulting us? We're decent."

"Now, sister, no lip! Don't try any gags and rough stuff, and just let's can all comedy acts," Red said, pointing a threatening finger at the woman in the red kimona.

"Well, what do you want?" the black haired one said, her voice more relaxed.

"I think we better pull you in," Red said reflectively.

"Why? You ain't got a thing on us. Not a thing," the girl in teddies protested, her voice shrill.

"Haven't I? Soliciting men? Where's your alibi? Think your word will go with the judge against ours? Say what the hell do you think they put us on the vice squad for?"

"So you can terrorize girls trying their damndest to make a lousy living," the dark haired one said, flashing a look of hatred on them, and then dropping wearily down on the bed.

"All right, let's come to the point?" the blonde said.

"Well, this is Christmas Eve, and on Christmas Eve, business ought to be pretty good, yes?"

VII

"SAY Red I got to compliment you on the way you handled them. That was neat. Neat!"

"Clever, Red, old pal, the way you told them that Christmas Eve was good business. You know, told her the way you did," Les said.

Staggering a trifle, Red proudly smiled.

"And Kelly, I sure want to thank you for chiseling that hunk for us the way you did. The young one I got, I could see she hated my guts, but still there was something that made her go through with it. Maybe she was afraid. I tell you she just had me hanging on there. And maybe it was just her sense of efficiency. Anyway, she was damn good," Joe said.

"It must have been Red standing there with his gun in his hand," Les said.

Red beamed, staggered. He pulled out a five dollar bill and said they should take the shakedown money. He didn't want it for himself, and he had just taken it in fun and to carry the act through the right way. They entered a saloon on Lake Park Avenue and Red was greeted by many cordial voices.

"Merry Christmas my lad!" the fat bartender said.

"Same to you," Red said, patronizingly.

"What's the ticket boys?"

"Three whiskey straights," Red said, laying the five on the bar.

"How's tricks Kelly?"

"Why Jack Collins. How are you? Things are great Jack. Merry Christmas!"

"Same here, Red."

They looked at a picture of President Roosevelt hanging on the wall beside that of a fat burlesque dancer:

"Let's drink to F. D. R.," Collins said.

They drank to the President.

"Yeh, things are looking up for us boys now. We're getting paid regularly, we're staying in power too, ain't we Kelly boy?" Collins said loudly.

Red introduced Collins, another precinct captain, to Joe and Les, and they beamed. Collins set them up for a round of drinks, and suggested they sit down.

"How's Squeaks Gorman?" Collins asked when they were seated.

"He isn't a bad fellow, and he's becoming a big shot," Red said.

"Well, he's horse to me. Of course that's my private opinion. He's not regular. He's horse to me."

"But he's going to be a damn big shot," Red said.

They drank.

"Well, boys this has been a good year for me, and I'm drinking in the hope and the knowledge that next year is going to be a better one" Collins said.

"You wrote the ticket then, my lad," Kelly said, and Les grew wistful.

"I wish I could say that. But me, I'm just rotting away as an extra for Long Johnny Continental," Les sighed.

"Come on, no blues. I heard that sob story of yours years ago."

"Times will be good now," Collins said.

They drank to good times, and they continued drinking. About one o'clock, Red staggered out of the saloon with one arm slung helplessly around Collins' shoulder and the other draped over the shoulders of a stranger.

"Boys, I love my wife, dead or alive and I should never let myself get so cockeyed," he muttered as they half carried him.

He vomited in the street and continued to dribble out that he loved his wife.

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Correspondence

After the Battle

To The New Masses:

We wish to take this opportunity to express our appreciation for the unqualified support that The New Masses and its entire staff gave to our recent strike.

The statement that "Under no circumstances will The New Masses be printed in a shop that has a strike on its hands," has contributed greatly to the success of our strike.

We, the newly-elected officers of the Flyboy and Bindery Workers Ass'n, are sure that we express the sentiments of our whole organization when we say, Thank you, New Masses.

Louis Matz,
Nicholas Danilla.

Room 301, Pulitzer Bldg., New York.

Hearst's Newest Campaign

To The New Masses:

Hearst's newest campaign of slander against the Soviet Union (the vicious and stupid Fred Beal articles) arouses not only indignation and ridicule, but laughter. Thus, in opening this latest barrage of poisoned lies, Hearst with an unconscious sense of the fitness of things, featured frothing Beal and doting Rockefeller side by side. In the second article (Journal, July 9), while proclaiming the Soviet Union in big headlines as a "Land of Ruin," the same page had to carry the following telegram:

> Moscow, July 9. More than 100,000 merry-makers packed the Park of Culture and Rest today for the first carnival held in Moscow under the Soviet regime. . . . At least 20,000 in the carnival crowd were masked, 8,000 were in fancy costumes and they danced to 100 orchestras.

Strange sort of gayety for a "Land of Ruin"! Strange that Fred Beal during his stay in the Soviet Union saw no Parks of Culture and Rest with thousands of gay and happy workers!

The writer has recently returned from the Soviet Union, and could easily refute the distortions, calumnies and inconsistencies in the venomous hissings of this newest addition to the Hearst snake-ranch. But that would be conferring too much honor on them, for no intelligent, self-respecting person believes any longer in anything which emanates from the Hearst sty. But it is necessary to notice that in using Beal Hearst is interested not only in attacking the Soviet Union, but the entire labor movement in America. Beal is consciously lending himself to this work, for both he and the Hearst editors constantly refer to the textile strikes and other struggles of the American workers as "terrible," "dangerous," etc., etc. Further, they deliberately slander the American workers by implying that America is a land of democracy and plenty, so that strikes, agitation, struggle for improved conditions are criminal. Hearst really has a hangman's sense of humor!

Mike Pell.

Coughlinites in Cincinnati

To The New Masses:

Hundreds of Cincinnati liberals recently received their first contact with potential fascism. A distinct fascist trend has been apparent in this heretofore sleepy old city for some time, but now, for the first time, hundreds of skeptical persons (no longer skeptical) are ready to "admit things."

The occasion was a debate on June 27 at the Sinton Hotel between Frank Palmer, head of the Federated Press, and Dr. Herbert S. Bigelow, pastor of the People's Church, head of the People's Power League and Cincinnati organizer of the National Union for Social Justice. They debated on the subject: "Resolved: That Father Coughlin Is Leading Us Toward War and Fascism." Eight hundred persons attended the affair, which was under the auspices of the Cincinnati Branch, American League Against War and Fascism. George V. Bidinger, president of the Cincinnati Newspaper Guild, was chairman.

The divisions of the audience were interesting: about 50 percent were rabid Coughlinites, 35 percent were anti-Coughlinites and the remainder were stand-patters, skeptical liberals, many of them people who had scouted the radical assertion that Coughlin is a potential fascist. At the end of the debate this group had come over bodily to the Anti-Coughlinites.

Perhaps even more convincing than Palmer's fine arguments was the behavior of the Coughlin followers. In a concerted effort they tried to prevent Palmer from speaking. In the middle of almost every one of his sentences they stood up and howled, stamping their feet, shouting slogans and shaking their fists at the speaker. Dr. I. M. Rubinow, well-known social service executive and author, who debated Mary Van Kleek on H.R. 2827 in a recent issue of The New Masses, was in the audience; he got up and demanded that Bigelow control the hooligans who were his own followers. Bigelow was forced to attempt to do so, but all his attempts failed. On the other hand, the anti-Coughlinites preserved exemplary order during Bigelow's two talks and Palmer correctly pointed out this contrast as a further argument in his case.

The arguments themselves were really not so important as the total effect of the meeting. Reasonable people who know the facts know very well that Coughlin is anti-labor, in favor of bigger armaments, against social legislation and closely tied up with Hearst and many of the "international bankers" he himself demogagically attacks. Palmer produced documentary evidence of these things and Bigelow was unable to answer a single argument; he contented himself with quoting some poetry and saying he liked Coughlin because the radio priest was trying to bring religion down from heaven and place it on earth.

The Coughlinites, mostly middle-aged pettit bourgeoisie, filled the hall with such a maniacal clamor, with such a vicious atmosphere of potential fascist emotionalism, that many liberals later said they clearly saw such people in the future role of storm troopers.

The local branch of the American League ought to double its membership without much trouble from now on.

Cincinnati. Edward S. Grusd.

Five Children to Give Away

To The New Masses:

The following letter appeared in The Chicago Defender, a Negro newspaper, on July 6. You will note that Mrs. Patterson makes her home in Liberty. Could you arrange to have her appeal blazoned in letters of fire on the night sky, visible from New York to Washington and points south?

Martha Thomas.

A LETTER FROM LIBERTY, MISS.

Editor, Chicago Defender:

This is from a poor widow. I have five children, four girls and one boy. I am unable to take care of them. My two oldest girls are eleven and nine years of age, and I want them brought up nice and want them educated. Please kindly write me if you know of anyone who would take them for me. I want them out of the South. They are smart children but I can't take care of them.

(Mrs.) Annabelle Patterson.
Route 4, Box 12, c/o Roan Winding,
Liberty, Miss.

Freedom Based on Form

To The New Masses:

Thanks, Comrade Alexander: I *have* taken "architect's license" (or author's, if you prefer) but I am guilty of offering no plan for immediate consumption except as it might suggest a desirable objective to others and the steps are only too obvious. Social forces as well as physical forces are involved in the changes taking place around us and in Broadacre City I have taken them both (by way of each other) to what seemed to me some logical conclusion. Well, perhaps the act is a bit Wellsian as you say. I have committed the sin of "dreaming." As for craft, state-craft is not my craft. As an architect I am interested most in natural causes and effects.

And again you are right when you say that the "inner logic of his craft" has brought the conclusions home to this architect that the present abuses called capitalism are at an end. But life by "committee meeting" and government "from below" still fails to seem to me more than the machine again in even lower terms than now, although the inversion may seem like social justice: turn is as turn about being fair play.

An architect knows that Freedom is conditioned upon proper form. But the communistic sense of form seems to me as academic in life concerns as the sense of life was in the academic architecture Broadacre City rejects. I deplore the fact that the present city and the machine that built it and the capitalistic machine that is now trying to maintain it by centralization of every kind but the right kind should find its reflection and counterpart in the struggle for freedom the masses are urged to make, called Communistic. This inversion may be the only way open to labor because it is the only way labor has learned from the very capitalism that has enslaved laborers. For that reason it may be the only way that labor can move.

But Broadacres has proposed a life as anti-capitalistic as it is, in this sense, anti-Communistic. It is anti-socialistic, too, so far as current socialism goes. These several party roads all aim at the same good but there is that in them all, so it seems to Broadacres, that is the road to ruin of what seems to me the most precious of human assets: creative individuality. In Broadacres I was interested in preserving this from the general ruin that seems to threaten it from above and from below. An architect could do no less.

Life is struggle anyway. Life must wear a harness of some kind, I acknowledge, because civilization is itself some kind of harness. Freedom, like Honesty or Beauty, is an ideal and since it is elemental, a matter of growth never quite completed. Any effort to reach Freedom must be only a preliminary study for a better effort. That better effort was all Broadacres was intended to be: and that, largely for myself. It had nothing to sell. It was a preliminary study for the decentralization that to me seems necessary to humane freedom. I know decentralization is anathema to Communism where Communists are trying to get action by organizing centralization to get the efficiencies that characterized the capitalistic interest turned the other way around in order to lead labor forward. But I think they must not if Freedom is to be reached. I do not believe there is more than a rotten break between capitalism and Communism on any such basis. I think the same breakdown waits on both—down the road.

Now all this "dreaming" may be dated too far ahead. But who cares to look into the future for any less than as far as he can see? There must be some way of life wherein there is no antagonism between the more developed and the less developed—or even between the rich and poor if each had a fair chance to be what you call "rich and poor." I presume any search for such like Broadacre City

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would be a kind of "adolescence." I wish the whole world were not quite so callous and the people in it not utterly sophisticated. Then, something besides war might be inevitable and natural enough to happen soon. FRANK LLOYD WRIGHT.

The Conversion Ending

TO THE NEW MASSES:

Alan Calmer in his article, "The Proletarian Short Story," pretty definitely damns all conversion endings.

Edwin Seaver in his review of *Conveyor* says: ". . . this revolt must be channeled into purposeful organization to be effective. . . . Above all, the novel is weakest where it should be most strong, politically and organizationally. This does not mean that Steele should have stated explicitly: join the union or join the Communist Party. But it does mean that a novel like *Conveyor,* to be entirely successful, should have made such resolutions so implicit . . . as to be inescapable. . . . It is a pretty safe bet that those proletarian novels will be most successful *as literature* which most closely and most passionately come to grips with the whole political problem of revolutionary agitation and organization."

I have no complaint about contradictions, real or apparent. They are present in young and healthy development. But, because many writers read NEW MASSES, I believe you will be doing a good service to discuss this question further. Rules for fiction are hard to make, and harder to get by. I believe Alan Calmer has been too conclusive in his condemnation of the conversion ending.

New York City. LIDA BEVELER.

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Letters in Brief

Malvina Reynolds writes regarding the suicide last week of William E. Sealock, dismissed president of Omaha Municipal University: "Members of the board of regents, among them Alvin Johnson, president of the Chamber of Commerce, whose continual harassing and bullying of the University faculty, limiting the use of funds for university needs, spying on faculty and students, and finally, dismissal of the president, worried the president to his death, expressed their 'regret' to newspaper reporters. Dr. Sealock was not the sort of man to be moved to an act like this from any personal pique. He was a sensitive man, he was not the sort who enjoys a fight, but he fought with courage when he was forced to. I think he had simply gone through so much that he could not face the prospect of a long fight ahead."

"When Mr. Kunitz gets to Russia," M. J. Kaufman writes, "let him find out something about the sanitary conditions, hot water, cold water, toilet facilities, sewage disposal, the prevalence of typhoid, epidemic control and sanitary conditions on the farms. Will you also have him get some information about the best district and the worst district, because there surely must be some that are pretty bad. Nobody has ever written about this and it seems to me that it must be quite important."

Sidney H. Levy wants to know about Soviet universities, both undergraduate and graduate. "What distinguished scholars in the social sciences — *specifically history and political economy* — are now working in Russia and what are their outstanding accomplishments since the Revolution? How limited or how extensive are the facilities for research? What arrangements are there for the exchange of students and professors between Soviet Russia and other countries?"

The Committee to Support Southern Textil Organization, 304 West 58th Street, New Yor , has collected over 2,000 signatures in its petitio drive for the immediate release of Fred McMahan, a textile worker of Gaston County, N. C., framed for militant activity in the general textile strike of last year. McMahan began to serve an eighteen-month chain-gang sentence last October and is seriously ill.

The Theatre Collective writes that a new course in elementary playwrighting begins July 22, to continue for eight weeks under the direction of Mary Virginia Farmer. A new session in acting technic will begin at the same time. The offices of the Collective are at 2 Washington Square North, New York.

Jack Conroy writes from Detroit in praise of the Modern Bookshop, 3537 Woodward Avenue, in that city. "The writer who can stand in stores like the Modern Bookshop comes face to face with the vital audience for whom he must write," says Conroy. "The other readers, dead and dull and sinking into a lethargy from which even the most violent paprika of sex and crime cannot longer arouse them, offer him nothing."

A. C. T. draws our attention to an article on "The Profession of Chemistry" in a recent issue of The Journal of Chemical Education, which ends with this: "The profession of chemistry offers a splendid opportunity, either in teaching or in industry, for those who have received adequate training. The chief qualifications required are: an insatiable scientific curiosity; a capacity for hours of toil; a deeper desire to acquire knowledge than to amass money; a wide human interest and a conviction of personal responsibility for the economic, political and social progress of our nation." An examination of the want-ad columns of another publication of the same American Chemical Society, the News Edition of The Journal of Industrial and Engineering Chemistry, A. C. T. writes, reveals these facts: April 19—situations open, 3; situations wanted, 59; April 30—situations open, 7; situations wanted, 64; May 19—situations open, 11; situations wanted, 54. Of the applicants for jobs in these three issues, 86 have Ph.D. degrees.

V. E. Karataev writes from Pheodosia, Crimea, U.S.S.R.; "I should like to be a member of the Book Union to August, 1937, to order all the twelve Book Union selections in the course of a year and renew my subscription to THE NEW MASSES. But as far as I know the local Post Office does not accept any money order in Russian currency and I can pay only in rubles. What to do? Without THE NEW MASSES and without a revolutionary book I'll be simply the passionate smoker who lost his tobacco pouch in the wood."

Additional sums received to help free two Southern workers from the chain gang: Mrs. X., 25 cents; A group from Mt. Bethel, Pa., $4; Marilyn Millman, Chicago, $1.

Mary McClair, of Portland, Ore., describes the recent alumni banquet of the University of Washington Library School in Seattle as showing a sharp emergence of the issue of war and fascism in the librarians' discussion. While most of the librarians present refrained from voting on a resolution definitely taking a stand against fascism and the resolution was lost by 26 to 16, this marked the first struggle on the question among the librarians and as a first showing, Miss McClair says, it was encouraging.

From Wilmington, Del., David West comments on John Mortimer's short story "Case History" published in the July 2 issue of THE NEW MASSES: "I don't think I've read a better. Would that there were more like it—we should need no defense for proletarian literature."

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REVIEW AND COMMENT

Flight Into the Past

YOUNG JOSEPH, by Thomas Mann. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.50.

THOMAS MANN is a writer with a deep sense of responsibility toward his craft. This is evident in his sensitive prose style. That Mann also realizes the interdependence of art and politics was shown in his earlier stand on Hitlerism. Yet, while he was approaching the position held by his brother Heinrich, Mann was working on "the main business," the Joseph-trilogy, which is far from a traditional historical novel. The time setting, for example, is uncertain and mythical. The characters sprung from an amalgam of tribes, dating back many generations, are interracial figures. Clearly, Mann is concerned with basic human prototypes, existing in a timeless present.

What is the intrinsic connection between Mann's unequivocal rejection of fascism and his preoccupation with the Biblical story? Some critics see in it an abrupt break with his earlier work. But it seems to me that, for good or ill, this recent novel is a plausible continuation of Mann's earlier theme and development. The young Mann of the *The Buddenbrooks* period did, to be sure, reflect the temporal scene in a more direct manner. His early works treat of the bourgeois-artist dilemma, which occupied all sensitive modern writers from Proust and Joyce to Wells and Wassermann, a problem made acute by a commercial order that could find no "use" for art. Moreover, in *The Buddenbrooks,* the actual social-cultural trend of the nineteenth century is shown as making for the decay of the Buddenbrooks. *The Magic Mountain* too, begun when Mann was thirty-seven years old, centers in an historical situation: the various European forces that led to the thunderbolt of 1914. While working on this novel, the war came and Mann issued a long book, *Reflections of a Non-Political Man* that was a direct (and a tragically confused) analysis of the "cultural" ends for which Germany was fighting. Finally, between *The Magic Mountain* and *Joseph and His Brothers,* Mann was writing critical articles only, essays that dealt with "The Demands of the Day" that were an unreserved repudiation of fascism, urging a union of "Marx and Hoelderlin." Yet Mann's work has throughout revealed a popular rhythm. Even when his approach is historical and realistic, as in *The Buddenbrooks,* Mann introduces a "musical" note. The second half of this novel is dominated by the temper of Schopenhauer's pantheism and Wagner's music-drama. While these lead to unpractical activity, to maladjustment and to the death of Thomas and Hanno, they are, for Mann, not unmitigated evils, since what they destroy is a bourgeois practice without vision. And *The Magic Mountain,* for all its life-embracing purport, pays even broader tribute to the mystic-musical principle, to "the ocean of time" of which Mann sings in lyrical strains, calling on it that it be present in the tale he spins, "as in secret thou ever wast and shalt be." From here to the universal essences of the present work required but a short step. It is a step taken by a writer past fifty, who is beginning to interpret more thoroughly the passing of particular things in terms of general symbols.

Still, just as the mystical element is present in Mann's early realistic work, so is the spirit of historical time not absent in his latest mythical novel. Even here, where Mann seems lost in time, he reveals himself as still concerned with the problem of change in time, as preoccupied with the modern scene. To begin with, as this second volume shows, within the eternal present of this setting, time does make for differentiation and development. Jacob's older sons are simple, pasture-loving men, dominated by primitive tribal motives. But the younger son, Joseph, is a dreamer at moonlit wells, "takes lessons," is sensitive to art and science. When Jacob openly favors Joseph by giving him the ketonet, the enraged brothers throw him into the pit and then sell him to the Midianites. That is, Mann presents once again the conflict between commerce and culture, matter and spirit, the bourgeois and the intellectual. And, as in *The Magic Mountain,* love appears as the possible resolution of false dualisms. There is Jacob's love for Rachel and Joseph. To win Rachel, Jacob serves twice seven years. And his love for Joseph leads Jacob to disregard the property-law of primogeniture. Love triumphs over matter and tradition. Joseph too, undergoes a development from unconscious arrogance toward a sympathetic understanding of his brothers' actions. This happens in the pit. The pit resolves in him a realistic temper, calling for a human, that is, a social sense. Concern with the social also appears in Mann's anthropology. He is dealing here not with exceptional individuals, but with pattern-characters. The turn from the empirical to the mythical symbolically represents a shift from a laissez-faire individualism toward a collective attitude. In Joseph we have precisely this development. At the close of the novel, Joseph is awakened to social values. In Egypt, he may be expected to emerge as a statesman with a social vision.

However, Mann's modernism is of a tenuous kind. As I see it, this latest work is a consistent expression of his liberalism, built upon his mechanical dualism. Hence his failure to achieve a synthesis. Mann is so "hu-u-manly" sensitive, he sees so much of "the other side," that *decisions* (which require elimination) prove difficult for him, particularly decisions that involve the crucial step of *fighting.* But there is a distinction between a philistine and an honest liberal. The former will allow himself to be drawn in by a reactionary demagogy that demands but a passive acquiescence. Mann is not such. He is a liberal in the final sense. Throughout, he has wandered along the peripheries of class-issues. When Hitler came to power, Mann felt unequal to the day-by-day struggle that was now necessary, felt that such activity would lead to a betrayal of his particular powers. Mann was nearing sixty. He continued on in his precipitate fall into the mythical well of Time—"safe in eternity." But, it would be making the mistake of "Caesar or Nothing" not to realize that this well is not bottomless. From its deeps emerge the cry of love, the call for social understanding. Is this not an indirect challenge to the inhuman practices of a transitory fascism? By dealing with the Old Testament (which Alfred Rosenberg would abolish) and by suggesting the universal character of Jacob's sons who go on to multiply all over the world, is not Thomas Mann quietly (yes, all-too-quietly) undermining Aryan psychology? To be sure, Mann has left the field, where concrete issues of exacting and immediate contingency obtain, has left it because he is temperamentally and socially (descendant of patrician gentlemen) untrained for participation in struggle. This certainly is a grave limitation, a liberal weakness. And that Thomas Mann has remained so thoroughly silent since 1933 is humanly unforgivable.

Yet there remain for us values in Thomas Mann's work: values of style, a runic style that suggests the unavoidably tragic and recurrent in man's fate. And there are values in his deeply-searching themes. As I interpret this work, Mann is presenting in a mythical framework the story of man's way. Thomas Mann shows this way as leading necessarily from a kind of primitive communism *(Jacob and His Sons)* to a culture divorced from social use *(Young Joseph)* toward a state of social cooperation (probably to be further developed in *Joseph in Egypt*). Although they are stated in abstract and general terms, these social themes cannot be ignored by those engaged in bringing about the socialist commonwealth. Mann's work is of negligible consequence with regard to immediate tactics and means. It is, however, concerned, in an earnest and profound manner, with human ends, seen from a final perspective. They are also the ends of a classless society.

VICTOR BURTT.

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One of Ours

CALL ME ISHMAEL, by Loyd Collins. Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.

CALL ME ISHMAEL tells the interesting story of hard-driven seamen on a rum-running tramp ship and on the beach. The story is told in the first person by Burke, an office worker fired by shipowner Susskind for taking the side of striking firemen. Burke and his friend, Karil, hire out as able-bodied seamen on the rum-runner Mindanao. There are fights, bad food, hard work, drink, women. The ship takes on rum at the West Indies, loads iron in India and on her way to New York runs across a derelict rum-runner and salvages its cargo. Karil's sweetheart is shot dead by her father, a bootegger. Susskind, owner of the Mindanao and Captain Coffin steal Karil's and Burke's share of the cargo. And both seamen are left on the beach.

In this novel of exploited seamen and rum-runners there are episodes that burn like hot alcohol. The doings in Susskind's office; the night Burke spends with Karil's sweetheart; the fight between Jojo the southern white and Lionel Calhoun, the Negro boatswain; Jojo's murder by loaders and his being stuffed into a chill-box to keep fresh; and the salvaging of the derelict in the North Atlantic are unforgettable. Character, incident, setting, are built up swiftly, effectively, not with the clangor, the straining, the great heat of a poor stoker, but as if the flicker of the needle in the pressure gauge was doing the work. There are passages that have the click and the english of good shots. The style lean, athletic. Each sentence taut with sinew like a racing horse.

Collins' novel reminds one of Hemingway. Certain manners of style, certain scenes as the death of Karil's girl, and even such characters as Burke remind one of Hemingway's figures. But the resemblances go no further. Hemingway's characters find the significance of life in opening another bottle, another affair or another fight. And Hemingway is lost with his characters. He beats about the same circle. Sneeringly he sees bread as another opiate for the people, revolution as a fandango, and the writer who turns left merely a clockhand who will come back to where he started. In the end Hemingway curls up in a world full of hunger and misery and desperate with the class battles raging above him.

Though Collins' characters appear to be muddled and lost, the author sees very clearly what is happening. Even Burke has his moments of lucidity. Listen to him bawl hell out of Karil, whose mouth was full of Marx and revolution before he got himself tangled up with rum and women. Burke says:

> We've worked five months or more for a cheap outfit. We ate lousy food, and we never had eight hours in during the whole time, except in Calcutta, India, when they substituted cheap labor and asked us to pay for it. And we've kept bloody mum about it. . . . A few years ago you wouldn't have had any such reason to escape notice. You would have knocked a crew of rats like us into shape whether we knew it or not. We haven't thought about the work, or the hours, or the food either. . . . We haven't thought of anything but bloody whiskey! You're not your own man any more, baby, I can tell you that. In fact, there was even a time I might have expected better things of myself.

And when Karil pleads that he has Rita and the child to worry about, Burke answers that he knows Rita's worth just as well as Karil does. "But I hate to think of that criminal up on the bridge, and I hate to think of us wasting our own selves. In my opinion God has spit on the lot of us."

Here we have a writer showing the unmistakable influences of Hemingway, turning away from attitudes that lead to fascism, reaction and death. The talented young writer, born into a world of revolutionary struggle and the growing class-consciousness of the masses, develops himself through and in spite of a hardboiled bourgeois influence.

Call Me Ishmael shows that nothing need be foreign to our writers today. They range far and wide. They write about rum-runners and gamblers as well as about sailors, factory hands and farmers.

Call Me Ishmael takes its place with Mike Pell's *S.S. Utah* and B. Traven's *Death Ship* in giving a true picture of the life of American seamen. It is better written than *S.S. Utah*. It has none of the cynicism of the bitter *Death Ship*. It is a book which should be put into the hands of our seamen who will cheer Collins' shot at the Dog House, the racketeering Seaman's Church Institute, and Collins' recognition of the work of the Waterfront Unemployment Council to better the conditions of the seamen. Soviet seamen discuss Pell's *S.S. Utah* and their own Soboleff's *Complete Overhauling* in their clubs. Too many of our class-conscious seamen profess a hardboiled attitude toward literature. They behave as if they were in a bos'n's chair above the intellectual and the writing guy. They can learn something from our writers. We can learn from them.

Loyd Collins' novel indicates we have a writer whose work can be an important factor in the building up of a powerful revolutionary literature.

BEN FIELD.

One Honest Report

I SPEAK FOR THE SILENT, by Vladimir V. Tchernavin. Hale, Cushman and Flint. $2.50.

I CAME OUT ALIVE, by André Mikhelson. Little, Brown and Co. $2.50.

SUSSMAN SEES IT THROUGH, by David Goldberg. Bloch Publishing Co. $2.

OF THE above books about the Soviet Union, the first two are vicious attacks by members of the former ruling class. Tchernavin, husband of the woman who wrote the highly profitable *Escape from the Soviets,* though of the nobility, was a specialist in the fishing industry of the Far North; Mikhelson, who now runs a prosperous photo studio in Paris, is the son of the wealthiest coal baron and munitions manufacturer of the czarist era. Certainly, little sympathy can be expected from this quarter for the Workers' and Peasants' Republic. Nor is any expected. But it is the form of their attacks that gives them distinction in viciousness. Tchernavin poses as the intellectual who is above political intrigue and is anxious to do his job, but prevented by persecution as a class enemy. Mikhelson portrays the fate of the deracinated and declassed youth of the hectic days of the revolution, who upholding the justice of dispossessing the rich, joins the Young Communist League and revels in debauchery and slaughter with them. Both represent themselves as having been part of the life of the Soviet Union and having turned against it out of moral necessity.

I Speak for the Silent opens with an account of the Five Year Plan as it affected the fisheries in the Murmansk region. Under the guise of a "scientific analysis" he points out that the control figures "dictated" by the Central Planning Buro were impossible and absurd, because of the shortage of labor, skilled and unskilled, the physical handicaps, and inefficiency of party members. Only the non-party experts are represented as having the courage to speak up and criticize the plan. Later, they were accused of "wrecking" and many of them arrested. The first part concludes with the statement that "the Bolsheviks for the second time were leading a rich and prosperous country into terrible poverty and dreadful famine." Does he refer to the rich and prosperous country of the czar where mass suffering was unparalleled and where corruption and brutality were requirements of officialdom? Or does he refer to the "poverty and famine" of the Soviet Union where the standard of living is rising daily in contrast to the sinking standards of the surrounding capitalist world?

The rest of the book deals with Tchernavin's prison experiences and his attempts to escape. Here the scientist's mask is dropped and we enter the dime novel world. One amazing section deals with his contact with a Jewish prisoner, a jeweler, who had been arrested as a speculator. Tchernavin quotes in this connection the story told him that all Jews were being hounded by the G. P. U. because they were suspected of having money, and concludes, " 'The G. P. U. is destroying the Jews but are doing it without noise and in their own fashion.' My companion was right for it was true that Judeo-

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phobia had reached enormous proportions in the G. P. U. . . ."

With the Soviet Union the only country in the world where there is allowed to exist no religious or racial inequality, such statements take one's breath away by their perverse distortion of fact. In ensuing pages the Jew-destroying dictatorships, the Communist Party, is said to be made up wholly of Jews!

The refutation to this mischievous absurdity is given by David Goldberg, in the third of the above books. Admitting that there is no persecution of the Jews as such, he does say that inasmuch as the Jews were largely of the merchant class with petty bourgeois inclinations it was more difficult for them to readjust themselves. An ardent Judeophile, he admits nevertheless that for once the Jew is treated as an equal and that Jewish workers and peasants are the most ardent supporters of the Soviets.

Tchernavin makes a show of scientific objectivity but essentially his is the story of a man who through class drawbacks was a misfit in a new society. His book is full of the complaint and self-pity of the misfit, rationalizing his failure. The truly scientific minded reader will know how to estimate such a plea.

Mikhelson's book is even less worthy of serious consideration. There is something repulsive in its morbidity, this attempt to lay the blame of a perverted adolescence upon the excesses of the "Young Communists." The taste for atrocities which he alleges were committed by him as a "Young Communist," was obviously not an acquired one. It is quite explicable as the reaction of a young man of an uprooted class seeking to distinguish himself. The author's pictures of sadism and perverted sex life indicate a surviving taste for these peculiarities of human behavior. It is hard to imagine any reader leaving the book without a feeling of repulsion and suspicion of an author who attempts to indict a new society through such a confession.

Sussman Sees It Through is an obviously honest and painstaking attempt on the part of an orthodox American Jew returning to his native Russia to study the "Jewish question" in a successful socialist society. Both in the story of Sussman, the old patriarch of his people and through analytical essays, the author concludes that the only real future of the Jew is in the land of the proletariat. Religion will have to go but the cultural unity of the Jew will be preserved and will flourish. Sussman, one of the class that was liquidated and to which most of the Russian Jews belonged ideologically, not only acquiesces in the revolutionary changes, but passionately espouses them. He says, "Over one hundred nationalities comprise the 'nation' of Soviet Russia; but chauvinism or nationalist antagonism are unknown in our land, except as a survival from the Feudal Past. . . . Ours is the only country where anti-Semitism is a crime against the state; and if you analyze the motive for it, you will see that it is not at all prompted by sentimental Judeophilic considerations, but that anti-Semitism like any other expression of the chauvinistic ego is simply incompatible with a conception of nationhood that is predicated on peoplehood" (p. 227).

Certainly every Zionist should read this book and any others who are interested in the first effective, social effort to end race conflict.

ALBERT LEWIS.

Ossification

LANDTAKERS, by Brian Penton. Farrar & Rinehart. $2.50.

FOR sheer, unrelieved sordidness the pioneers of Australia during the mid-nineteenth century, were privileged to experience, if we are to credit this novel, the very dregs. No alleviating touch of kindliness, no reaching out from man to man, did they know. Nature herself seems to have done her best to oppress with heat, marsh, monotonous bush, flood, and forest.

The story traces the long process by which Derek Cabell, a young half-voluntary exile from his native Dorset, suffers spiritual and physical anguish in the brutal milieu into which he is suddenly thrust—then finds the strength to combat this hostile environment, though still his heart is in England—and finally accepts the drab, unrewarding life in Australia to the extent that he can feel contempt for those types of his own youth, the new-come Englishmen. During this process of ossification (for so it seems to this reviewer) he finally compromises with his mental visions of lovely English girls, by taking unto himself a woman with a criminal record—a woman, like Australia, drab, unloving, immobile.

There can be little doubt that the author sees, in his tale, the stuff of heroism, not tragic submission. After all, the sensitive hero could at any time have returned to England, was indeed sent money for his passage. But his pride keeps him in this soul-killing land. To what end? Money. Or, if one must be exact, sheep and land—sheep and land which in the long run he does not manage to acquire. The *delusion* of the pot of gold at the end of the rainbow, the dread of a sneering aunt in England—these are his reasons for giving himself up to a barren, profitless life. He seems not a hero, but a fool.

Out of all this material, one might have hoped for some glimmering of a realization that Australia was such a hell-hole, not because of the land or the essential coarseness of the population, but because of the role England, the beloved, had chosen for that colony in her imperialistic policy; that these men and women were as they were because English merchants would have them so, never occurs to our author.

Mr. Penton's book, which seems well-liked in Australia, is written in a calm, undramatic manner. Novel of the soil, though it is, there is no touch of poetry such as pervades the work of Hamsun.

TONY CLARK.

Brief Review

DYNAMICS OF POPULATION, by Frank Lorimer and Frederick Osborn. The Macmillan Co. $4.

This work presents the most comprehensive body of data available on American population trends. While written from a reactionary standpoint, the book is based on a careful analysis of material without which no Marxist understanding of the population problem in declining capitalism is possible. Capitalism's need for an industrial and military reserve army precludes conscious population control except among the well-to-do. The inevitable result is that population trends add to existing economic contradictions and create new ones. Thus the working class is forced to reproduce at a rate which under conditions of general economic crisis and mass unemployment is suicidal. The continuous mass displacement of farmers and agricultural workers runs counter to a high rural-urban fertility differential which accelerates the contradiction between town and country and continuously recreates a pauperized rural subsistence population.

The solution of the population problem is achieved automatically by the solution of the economic problem. Meanwhile, it is high time that American population tendencies be analyzed from the standpoint of dialectical materialism.

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THE LAND OF SHVAMBRANIA
by Leo Kassil
The Viking Press, 18 E. 48th St. N.Y.C.

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Johnson—The Man Who Was

ROBERT FORSYTHE

WITH all the best intentions, the Second Coming of General Hugh A. Johnson is not going to take. One sees his picture in the papers and even hears his voice in the newsreels but there is an eerie feeling about it and even a sense of embarrassment, much as if one had sat suddenly up in bed and witnessed a lately deceased maiden aunt floating serenely through the window and perching herself on the tie rack. The General is here in the good graces of the Hon. Fiorello H. La Guardia but it is impossible to believe that he is present. It is not that he is seen through a glass darkly or any of that nonsense but that he has violated all laws among dead men by refusing to lie down.

This constitutes a tragedy of the larger order because if there was any one field in which the General was felt to be prominent it was in that of drama and there is nothing so utterly anti-climactic as the great Hamlet reduced to playing the race track tout in *Three Men On a Horse*. Even if it were conceded that the General had returned in full, it would be only a half-Johnson because of the loss, far back along the trail of insanity, of the ineluctable Robby, that fabulous female who coasted through fame in a short six months and seemed about to reinstitute the rule by matriarchy in a country which could only stand and gape at the fury and nonsensicality of a weird contrivance known as the N.R.A., which was to reconstitute mankind, cure chilblains and forever remove need from the world. When the history of that demented period is written I hope that the greatest of all pens will save himself for Robby.

Looking back now one is not so much amazed that two such incredible persons once ran America but that America is here to tell the tale. I speak only for myself but it seems like a dream and I distrust fantasy. To the credit of Robby, it may be said that she has preserved her wraithhood. The General has not been so fortunate. Although dead, he was obviously embalmed in headlineitis, a drug which affords no peace for the deceased. The virus began working on him almost as soon as services were said over him at the last N.R.A. press conference in Washington and soon after he was bursting forth in a radio attack which was to annihilate Father Coughlin and Huey Long. He was next found decently interred in the columns of the Scripps-Howard newspapers, a bourne from which few return and none unscathed. Just what prevailed upon the Hon. Fiorello to trifle with the past has not been revealed but there is evidence to the effect that the General has suffered an attack which made it necessary for the reporters to come in lest Heaven fall under its indignant burden.

Reviewing General Johnson's past is no task for a sane man. About it hangs an aura of incredibility which will be the dismay of the future historian. There was first the insanity of the Hoover regime with its radio talks by the great man, Julius Klein, he who possessed the economic truths of eternity and predicted the return of prosperity by noon of next Wednesday, and the pronouncements of the high-collared ninny of Palo Alto himself, predicting an end of all grief and a restoration of good will and wealth by a certain June 28, 1930, at three o'clock sharp. This will be enough to confound the investigator of the future but if he struggles when reaching this point, he will be lost when he arrives at the General and Robby. The picture of the bulbous-nosed warrior and his pert secretary careening about the country by plane in a state of high inanity will be beyond the powers of compass of anyone not accustomed to dementia in high places. It will not seem believable. It seems unbelievable at this very moment, with the crazy events no more than two years in the past. There will never be any place for satire in the treatment of General Johnson and the N.R.A. The most stupid direct testimony will be enough for the future generations. Nobody need preach to me about the glories of the past while I am able to vision the joy of the students in Soviet America racing through the chapters in their history telling about the Hon. Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Hon. Rexford D. Tugwell, the Hon. Hugh A. Johnson, the Hon. Charles A. Dawes, the Hon. Andrew W. Mellon, the Hon. William D. Green when America was in

Esther Kriger

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peril and the New Deal was formed to instruct the economic forces of the world of their place in a universe governed by such intellects.

What General Johnson is doing now in New York, I really don't know. It matters a great deal, doubtlessly, but I simply can't believe the man is here and it is impossible for me to deal with an apparition. If it is relief he is handling, it need only be assumed that those on relief need the prayers of all decent citizens. If there are fascist speeches needed to give vigilante bands courage to attack the workers, the General can be counted upon. He will not be the Johnson of old, cracking down upon everybody who can not crack back and losing every battle with the Fords and Weirs and Hearsts, but he will do his best, in a voice now muffled by its necessity of arriving through a ouija board, to do for New York terrorists what he did for the San Francisco murderers.

His start in his New York job was interesting as being a faded imitation of his former explosive self. The air was rent, as of old, with the coruscating expletives but they seemed only shocking, as one is shocked by a grandmother's goddam. There was something pitiful about it all, with the General lounging over a table in the presence of the newspaper men and trying vainly to be what they wanted him to be. Just what the Hon. Fiorello had in mind when he inducted the General is not known but he may have felt that the hullabaloo of a typical Johnson circus might be an excellent thing for a hot summer and a cut in relief expenditures. He may have recalled the fake police raids in the regime of Grover Whalen which successfully covered up the corruption of the Walker administration. He may even have remembered the heaven-rending commotion of the N.R.A. itself, a concatenation of sounds which stupefied the country for two years and had such a bludgeoning effect upon a few such weak minds as Abraham Cahan and John L. Lewis that they are still bemoaning the loss of liberty for labor which was contained in Section 7a of the fantastic bill. Granted that it would require little pressure to indent the soft minds of the gentlemen mentioned, one is able to see what went on in the Hon. Fiorello's mind when the name of the General was suggested to him from, it is rumored, the Throne Room of the White House.

But something has happened to the General. He is back but nobody knows it and he seems a bit doubtful of it himself. When he poses in a half-witted manner for pictures in the newsreels, being inducted into some idiotic society which requires him to wear a beaver hat and a winged collar with points sticking out from his neck like the ears of a jackass, he is docile and beaten, answering the jibes and yokelish guffaws of the society members with the subdued resignation of an old bear being poked by the sticks of small boys at the zoo. His capacities for stupidity are still unimpaired, as was evidenced by his first intention of compelling relief cases to take whatever jobs were offered with the idea of supplementing the pay up to the regular starvation relief figure from public funds. Since even an infant or the Hon. Fiorello could understand what such a policy would do to the general wage level in the community, the General was asked to desist.

He was still busy talking about the heinous crime which was being perpetrated in South Jersey because the berry owners couldn't recruit pickers long after The N. Y. World-Telegram had sent a man down who found that if he was content to sleep under a berry bush at night and work all day for 89 cents, he could be assured of an excellent position, at the same time removing himself from the relief roles and being unable to get back until he should establish not only that he was hungry but that he possessed no stray millionaire uncle in Australia who might come to his assistance or that he had not become so accustomed to undernourishment that anything in the way of food would be a shock from which he would be unlikely to recover.

Obviously the General is not the same without Robby. Indeed it makes one reluctant to give the General full credit for the astonishing success of the N.R.A. and the New Deal. If it is determined that the feminine touch was after all preeminent in the saving of civilization which went on in those dark days of '33, there will be even severer criticism of the General now. Either he should have stayed away or he should have come back with Robby. There is something indecent and unaesthetic about his present return. It violates the eternal verities and mutilates a myth. I should suggest that General Hugh A. Johnson retire at once to the glades of oblivion. I should suggest it if there was any practical necessity of furthering a retreat which was complete before I entered the discussion.

Hitlerites in Hollywood

JAY RAND

Los Angeles.

THE Hussars, Light Horse Troop, etc., are amusing superficial manifestations of the California drive towards fascism, but the real threat lies in the alliance between Hearst and the Warner Brothers and the threatened mergers consolidating even stronger the Mellon-Rockefeller control over the industry. Some idea of the fascist drive and what the working class may expect from Hollywood are the following incidents which have occurred here:

Police Chief Davis has given pistol permits and "Lieutenant, Los Angeles Police Department," gold badges to numerous directors, executives and actors. This award is bestowed with the understanding that the recipient will be ready when called upon to fight in Chief Davis' "War on Reds."

The Mayors of Chicago, Jersey City and a few other industrial centers have been entertained recently by Furious Willy in his bungalow at the Warner lot as have various naval and army officials.

Victor McLaglen is occupying his spare time by addressing various groups on "Americanism." According to Sunday's Los Angeles Times, "McLaglen likes to do good pictures. After that his chief interest is his lighthorse troop, which takes up all of his spare time. Its membership is 500 and increasing. When he is not actively engaged with the organization, he is busy counteracting 'adverse propaganda' against it. 'It's amazing what they'll say about a man because he tries to be a good American,' he said seriously. 'And I am an American; an American citizen; although I was born in England. . . . One article in a national magazine accuses us of being fascists. We are not fascists nor Communists nor Nazis,' he exclaimed—'Just good Americans . . . we encourage all sports, are tied up with the country in the event of a major disaster—though not for police duty—and engage in charitable acts that the world never hears about'!"

Black Fury and *Oil for the Lamps of China* were not accidental pictures. They are the opening guns of the Hollywood campaign against radicals. Even though neither of these pictures are box-office successes they will be followed by others of similar genre for this is one time when the picture moguls think it wise to forego immediate profit.

It is an interesting sidelight that the greatest allies Hearst, Chanler (owner of The Los Angeles Times and lord of the Imperial Valley) and the other California Red-baiters have in their fascist campaign, are wealthy Jews. Louis B. Mayer, the Warner Brothers and the Cohens (Columbia Pictures) do not hesitate to lend their services to the American Junkers.

The California capitalists have the jitters; a hangover from the San Francisco general strike. They are tightening their hold, or attempting to, on all propaganda organs. Known radicals who work in pictures are told to stop their radical utterances and affiliations. The alternative is the blacklist.

The doubts liberals have in New York about whether or not America could go fascist amuse awakened film-workers. Let them come to California and appear on a picket line, in a radical play or circulate a radical piece of literature.

Incidently, at the Los Angeles Housing Exhibit recently held in Hollywood, the Los Angeles Police Department held an exhibit of "Literature and Weapons—Seized in Communist Raids." Among the periodicals on view that the lecturer (a lieutenant in the police department) termed "Organs of the

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Communist Movement," were The Nation, The New Republic, Common Sense and The American Mercury. Let anyone who doubts American fascist potentials come to Los Angeles and see them realized.

An idea of the future cultural level, if the rest of the country goes fascist, may be had from reading the local press. The University of California in Los Angeles, whose officials used every legal and illegal tactic to stop the students from joining the anti-war demonstration on April 12, characterizing it as "Undignified, Un-American, Unbecoming, etc.," had its graduation exercises last week. The Los Angeles press ran pictures and stories of the event. It is now history that "Baby LeRoy and Virginia Weidler, Paramount child stars, were made honorary members of the graduation class of 1935 of the University of California. Baby LeRoy was oted 'Best Boy' and Virginia was voted Movies' Sweetheart.'"

A photograph of the two esteemed gradues in academic cap and gown held in the ms of two unnamed fellow graduates illusated the above caption.

An article in the magazine section of The os Angeles Times for June 19, is titled "Communism Invades the Campus." The author allegedly writes from the "student point of view." To bolster this document the notorious William F. Hynes, "Captain of Detectives, Los Angeles Police Department, Commanding Intelligence Bureau," analyzes the National Student League, the Communist Party, the Young Communist League, the Communist Party leadership, the methods of agitation and propaganda from the "Police Point of View." His opening paragraph reveals that the Los Angeles Police Department is in a pathetic plight. Despite Mr. Hearst's constant warning to look for the man with the beard, bomb and foreign accent who is cartooned opposite his editorials, Mr. Hynes warns Los Angeles Times readers that the American revolutionary student is, sadly enough, an American student.

To quote Captain Hynes: "In past years the popular conception of a revolutionist was that of a vicious looking individual, broad shouldered, deep chested and wearing bushy whiskers, whose eyes blazed with the fiendish light of maniacal fury and hatred—clothed in uncouth garments—and carrying a bomb in his pocket and a sword in his hand. It is now necessary for us to redraft the picture. We find that many of the most dangerous apostles of Communism and revolution today are fresh-faced, fair-haired girls and boys and splendid types of Anglo-Saxon youth, whose young enthusiasm and ardor for the doctrines of Marx and Lenin make of them the most serious menace in the high schools, universities and colleges which they attend."

Between Ourselves

TO SOME readers the name of Robert Briffault, who reviewed Forsythe's *Redder Than the Rose* a few weeks ago, is unfamiliar. Briffault is best known as an anthropologist, his chief work, *The Mothers,* having had a wide influence. Other works are *Rational Evolution, Psyche's Lamp* and *Breakdown.* The last-named will be reissued this fall with new chapters bringing it up-to-date. At fifty-nine Briffault has written a novel, *Europa,* which is being published by Scribner's in August.

James T. Farrell's story in this issue, *Comedy Cop,* will appear in his next book, *Guillotine Party and Other Stories,* to be published by Vanguard in October.

John Strachey's article in this issue also appears in the July number of Labour Monthly of England.

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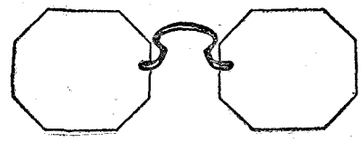

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